THE HISTORY and FALL OF Caius Marius. A TRAGEDY. As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal.

By *Thomas Otway.*

Qui color Albus erat nunc est contrarius Albo.

LONDON,
Printed for *R. Bentley* in *Russel-Street, Covent-Garden,* 1696.

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TO THE

Lord VISCOUNT

FALKLAND.

My Lord,

WHEN first it entred into my Thoughts to make this Present to your Lordship, I received not only Encouragement, but Pleasure, since upon due examination of my self, I found it was not a bare Presumption, but my Duty to the remembrance of many extraordinary Favours which I have received at Your hands.

For heretofore having had the Honour to be near You, and bred under the same Discipline with You, I cannot but own, that in a great measure I owe the small share of Letters I have to Your Lordship. For Your Lordship's Example taught me to be asham'd of Idleness; and I first grew in love with Books, and learnt to value them, by the wonderful Progress which even in Your tender Years You made in them; so that Learning and Improvement grew daily more and more lovely in my Eyes, as they shone in You.

Your Lordſhip has an extraordinary Reaſon to be a Patron of Poetry, for Your great Father loved it. May Your Lordſhip's Fame and Employments grow as great, or greater than his were; and may Your Vertues find a Poet to record them, equal (if poſſible) to that great * Genius which ſung of him.

* *Mr. Waller*

MY ſlender humble Talent muſt not hope for it; for You have a Judgment which I muſt always ſubmit to, a general Goodneſs which I never (to its worth) can value: And who can praiſe that well which he knows not how to comprehend?

Already the Eyes and Expectations of Men of the beſt Judgment are fix'd upon You: For whereſoever You come, You have their Attention when preſent, and their Praiſe when You are gone: And I am ſure (if I obtain but Your Lordſhip's Pardon) I ſhall have the Congratulation of all my Friends, for having taken this opportunity to expreſs my ſelf

Your Lordſhip's

moſt Humble Servant,

Thomas Otway.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton.*

IN Ages paſt, (when will thoſe Times renew?
When Empires flouriſh'd, ſo did Poets too.
When Great Auguſtus *the World's Empire held,*
Horace *and* Ovid's *happy Verſe excell'd.*
Ovid's *ſoft Genius and his tender Arts*
Of moving Nature, melted hardeſt Hearts.
It did th'Imperial Beauty, Julia, *move*
To liſten to the Language of his Love.
Her Father honour'd him: And on her Breaſt,
With raviſh'd ſenſe in her Embraces preſt,
He lay tranſported, fancy-full and bleſt.
Horace's *lofty Genius boldlier rear'd*
His manly Head, and through all Nature ſteer'd;
Her richeſt Pleaſures in his Verſe refin'd,
And wrought 'em to the reliſh of the Mind.
He laſh'd with a true Poet's fearleſs Rage
The Villainies and Follies of the Age.
Therefore Mecœnas *that great Fav'rite rais'd*
Him high, and by him was he highly prais'd.
Our Shakeſpear *wrote too in an Age as bleſt,*
The happieſt Poet of his time, and beſt,
A gracious Prince's Favour chear'd his Muſe,
A conſtant Favour he ne'er fear'd to loſe.
Therefore he wrote with Fancy unconfin'd,
And Thoughts that were Immortal as his Mind.
And from the Crop of his luxuriant Pen
E'er ſince ſucceeding Poets humbly glean.
Though much the moſt unworthy of the Throng,
Our this day's Poet fears h'has done him wrong.
Like greedy Beggars that ſteal Sheaves away,
You'll find h'has riſt'd him of half a Play.
Amid'ſt this baſer Droſs you'll ſee it ſhine
Moſt beautiful, amazing, and Divine.
To ſuch low Shifts of late are Poets worn,
Whilſt we both Wit's and Cæſar's *Abſence mourn.*
Oh! when will he and Poetry return?
When ſhall we there again behold him ſit
'Mid'ſt ſhining Boxes and a Courtly Pit,
The Lord of Hearts, and Preſident of Wit?
When that bleſt Day (quick may it come) appears,
His Cares once baniſh'd and his Nation's Fears,

The

The joyful Muſes on their Hills ſhall ſing
Triumphant Songs of Britain's *happy King.*
Plenty and Peace ſhall flouriſh in our Iſle,
And all things like the Engliſh *Beauty ſmile.*
You, Criticks, ſhall forget your nat'ral Spite,
And Poets with unbounded Fancy write.
Ev'n This-day's Poet ſhall be alter'd quite:
His Thoughts more loftily and freely flow;
And he himſelf, whilſt you his Verſe allow,
As much tranſported as he's humble now,

Perſons repreſented.

Men	By
Caius Marius	Mr. *Betterton.*
Sylla.	Mr. *Williams.*
Marius Jnnior.	Mr. *Smith.*
Granius.	Mr. *Percivale.*
Metellus.	Mr. *Gillow.*
Quintus Pompeius.	Mr. *Williams.*
Cinna.	Mr. *Fevon.*
Sulpitius.	Mr. *Underhill.*
Ancharius, a Senator.	
Prieſt.	
Apothecary.	
Q. *Pompeius*'s Son.	
Guards, Lictors,	
Ruffians, *&c.*	

Women	By
Lavinia	Mrs. *Barry.*
Nurſe.	Mr. *Noakes.*

THE

THE HISTORY and FALL OF Caius Marius.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Within. Liberty! Liberty! *Marius* and *Sulpitius*, Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! *&c.*

Enter Metellus, Antonius, Cinna, *and Senators.*

Metell. WHen will the Tut'lar Gods of *Rome* awake,
To fix the Order of our wayward State,
That we may once more know each other; know
Th'extent of Laws, Prerogatives and Dues;
The Bounds of Rules and Magiſtracy; who
Ought firſt to govern, and who muſt obey?
It was not thus when God-like *Scipio* held
The Scale of Power; he who with temp'rate poiſe
Knew how to guide the People's Liberty
In its full bounds, nor did the Nobles wrong,
For he himſelf was one——

Cinna. He was indeed,
A Noble born, and ſtill in *Rome* there are
Moſt worthy Patrons of her ancient Honour,
Such as are fit to fill the Seat of Pow'r,

And

And awe this riotous unruly Rabble,
That bear down all Authority before 'em,
Were we not sold to Ruine.
Metell. *Cinna* there
Thou'st hit my Mark: We are to Ruine sold;
In all things sold; Voices are sold in *Rome*:
And yet we boast of Liberty. Just Gods!
That Guardians of an Empire should be chosen
By the lewd noise of a Licentious Rout!
The sturdiest Drinker makes the ablest Statesman.
Anton. Would it not anger any true born *Roman*,
To see the giddy Multitude together,
Never consulting who 'tis best deserves,
But who feasts highest to obtain the Suffrage?
As 'tis not many Years since two Great Men
In *Rome* stood equal Candidates together,
For high Command: In every House was Riot.
To day the drunken Rabble reel to one;
To morrow they were mad agen for t'other;
Changing their Voices with their Entertainment:
And none could guess on whom the choice would settle;
Till at the last a Stratagem was thought of.
A mighty Vessel of *Falernian* Wine
Was brought into the *Forum* crown'd with Wreaths
Of Ivy sacred to the Jolly God.
The Monster-people roar'd aloud for Joy:
When streight the Candidate himself appears
In pomp, to grace the Present he had made 'em.
The Fools all gap'd. Then when a while he had
With a smooth Tale tickled their Asses Ears,
H'at both ends tapp'd his Butt, and got the Consulship.
Cinna. This Curse we owe to *Marius*'s Pride,
That made him first most basely bribe the People
For Consul in the War against *Jugurtha*:
Where he went out, *Metellus*, your Lieutenant.
And how the Kindness was return'd, all know.
I never lov'd his rough untoward Nature,
And wonder such a Weed got growth in *Rome*.
Metell. What says my *Cinna*?
Cinna. That I like not *Marius*,
Nor love him——
Metell. There *Rome*'s better Genius spoke.
Let us consult and weigh this Subject well.
O *Romans*, he's the Thorn that galls us all.
Our harrass'd State is crippled with the weight
Of his Ambition: We're not safe in *Marius*.

Do I not know his Riſe, his low beginning,
From what a wretched deſpicable Root
His Greatneſs grew? Gods! that a Peaſant's Brat,
Born in the outmoſt Cottages of *Arpos*,
And foſter'd in a Corner, ſhould by Bribes,
By Covetouſneſs, and all the hateful means
Of working Pride, advance his little Fate
So high, to vaunt it o'er the Lords of *Rome*!

Anton. Ambition, raging like a *Damon* in him,
Diſtorts him to all ugly forms, ſhe as need to uſe.
In his firſt ſtart of Fortune, Oh how vile
Were his Endeavours and Submiſſions then!
When ſuing to be choſen firſt *Edilis*,
He was by general Vote repuls'd, yet bore it;
And in the ſame day ſhamefully return'd,
T'obtain the ſecond Office of that Name.
Equal was his ſucceſs, deny'd in both:
Yet could he condeſcend at laſt to ask
The Prætorſhip, and but with Bribes got that.
Yet this is he that has diſturb'd the World,
Rome's Idol, and the Darling of her Wiſhes.

Metell. I muſt confeſs it burthens much my Age,
To ſee the Man I hate thus ride my Country:
For, *Romans*, I have mighty Cauſe to hate him.
I was the firſt (and I am well rewarded)
That lent my hand to raiſe his feeble State.
When firſt I made him Tribune by my Voice,
I thought there might be ſomething in his Nature
That promis'd well. His Parents were moſt honeſt,
And ſerv'd my Father juſtly in their Truſt.
Then as his Fortunes grew, when I was Conſul,
And went againſt *Jugurtha* into *Africk*,
I took him with me one of my Lieutenants.
'Twas there his Pride firſt ſhew'd it ſelf in Actions,
Oppreſt my Friends, and robb'd me of my Honour.

Cinn. The Story's famous. Baſe Ingratitude,
Diſſimulation, Cruelty, and Pride,
Ill Manners, Ignorance, and all the Ills
Of one baſe born, in *Marius* are join'd.

Metell. Ev'n Age can't heal the rage of his Ambition.
Six times the Conſul's Office has he born:
How well, our preſent Diſcords beſt declare.
Yet now agen, when time has worn him low,
Conſum'd with Age, and by Diſeaſes preſs'd,
He courts the People to be once more choſen,
To lead the War againſt King *Mithridates*.

Anton. For this each day he rises with the Sun,
And in the Field of *Mars* appears in Arms.
Excelling all our Youth in warlike Exercise:
He Rides and Tilts, and when the Prize he has won,
He brings it back with Triumph into *Rome*,
And there presents it to the sordid Rabble;
Who shout to Heaven, and cry, Let *Marius* live.

Metell. He shall not have it, by the Gods he shall not.
There is a *Roman*, noble, just and valiant,
Sylla's his Name, sprung from the ancient Stock
Of the *Cornelii*, bred from's Youth in War,
Flush'd with Success, and of a Spirit bold,
And, more than all, hates *Marius*, still has crost
His Pride, and clouded ev'n his brightest Triumphs:
He's Consul now. Then let us all resolve,
And fix on him, to check this Havocker,
That with his Kennel of the Rabble hunts
Our Senate into Holes, and frights our Laws.

Cinna. Agreed for *Sylla*.

All. All for *Sylla*.

Metell. Nay,
This Monster *Marius*, who has us'd me thus,
Ev'n now would wed his Family with mine,
And asks my Daughter for his hated Off-spring.
But, for my Wrongs, *Lavinia* shall be *Sylla*'s.
My eldest born, her, and the best of all
My Fortune I'll confirm on him, to crush the Pride
Of this base-born, hot-brain'd, Plebeian Tyrant.

Anton. Now *Rome*'s last Stake of Liberty is let,
And must be push'd for to the Teeth of Fortune.

Cinn. Then *Caius Marius* shall not have the Consulship.

Metell. No, I wou'd rather be *Sulpitius*'s Slave,
That furious Headlong Libertine *Sulpitius*,
That mad wild Bull, whom *Marius* lets loose
On each occasion when he'd make *Rome* feel him,
To toss our Laws and Liberties i'th Air.

Anton. That lawless Tribune then must be reduc'd,
Unhing'd from off the power that holds him up,
His Band of full six hundred *Roman* Knights,
All in their Youth, and pamper'd high with Riot,
Which he his Guard against the Senate calls,
Tall wild young Men, and fit for glorious Mischiefs.

Metell. Fear nothing, let but *Sylla* once have Pow'r.
And then see how like Day he'll break upon 'em,
And scatter all those Goblins of the Night,
Confusion's Spright, wherein the dark Disorders

Of

Of a divided State, Men know not where
Or how to walk, for fear they lose their way,
And stumble upon Ruine. Mark the Race
Of *Sylla's* Life; observe but what has past,
How still h'has born a Face against this *Marius*,
And kept an equal stretch with him for Glory.

Cinn. H'has in the Capitol an Image set
Of Gold, in honour of his own Atchievement;
Wherein's described how the *Numidian* King
Gave up *Jugurtha* Prisoner to *Sylla*,
And all in spite of *Marius*. Oh now,
If you are truly *Roman* Nobles, wake,
Resume your Rights, and keep your *Sylla* Consul.
Courage, Nobility, and innate Honour,
Justice unbyass'd, the true *Roman* Spirit,
Presence of Mind, and resolute performance
Meet all in *Sylla*.

Metell. Let's agree for *Sylla*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Marius *senior*, Marius *junior*, Granius.

Marius sen. There *Rome's* Daemons go.
Like Witches in ill Weather, in this Storm
And Tempest of the State they meet in Corners,
And urge Destruction higher: for this end
They've rais'd their Imp, their dear Familiar *Sylla*,
To cross my way, and stop my Tide of Glory,
If I am *Caius Marius*, if I'm he
That brought *Jugurtha* chain'd in Triumph hither;
If I am he that led *Rome's* Armies out,
Spent all my years in Toil and cruel War,
Chill'd my warm Youth in cold and Winter-Camps,
Till I brought settled Peace and Plenty home,
Made her the Court and Envy of the World;
Why does she use me thus?

Mar. Jun. Because she's rul'd
By lazie Droans that feed on others Labours,
And fatten with the Fruits they never toil'd for;
Old gouty Senators of crude Minds and Brains,
That always are fermenting Mischief up,
And style their private Malice publick Safety ——

Gran. One discontented Villain leads a State
To Madness. There's that Bell-weather of Mutiny
And damn'd Sedition, *Cinna*, of a Life
And manners sordid; one whose Gain's his God;

And to that curſed end he'd ſacrifice
His Country's Honour, Liberty, or Peace:
Nay, had he any, ev'n his very Gods.

Mar ſen. H'has taken *Rome* even in the niceſt Minute,
And eaſily debauch'd her to his ends,
When ſhe was over-cloy'd with Happineſs,
Wantonly full, and longing after Change.
For *Sylla* too, a Boy, a Woman's Play-thing,
She has relinquiſh'd me, and ſlouts my Age.
Conſtant ill Fortune wait upon her ſtill,
And wreck her Fate as low as I firſt found it,
When it lay trembling like a hunted Prey,
And hungry Ruine had it in the wind;
When barbarous Nations, of a Race unknown,
From undiſcover'd Northern Regions came,
To lay her waſte, and ſweep her from the Earth:
Till I, I *Marius* roſe, the Soul of all
The Hope ſh'had left, and with unwearied Toil,
Dangers each hour, and never-ſleeping Care,
(A burthen for a God) oppos'd my ſelf
'Twixt her and Deſolation, gorg'd the maw
Of Death with ſlaughter'd numbers of her Foes,
Reſtor'd her Peace, and made her Name renown'd.

Mar. jun. The Glory of that War muſt be remember'd,
When *Rome*, like her old Mother *Troy*, ſhall lie
In Aſhes — Full 300000 Men,
All Sons of Fortune, born and bred in Fields,
Whoſe Trade was War, and Camps their Habitation,
Hung like a Swarm of Miſchiefs on the Hills
Of *Italy*, and threatned Fate to *Europe*.

Gran. They came in Tribes, as if to take poſſeſſion,
And ſeem'd a People whom the hand of Fate
Had ſcourg'd by Famine from a barren Land,
Of Viſage ſoul and ugly, pinch'd and chappid
By bitter Froſts and Winter-Winds; yet fierce
As hungry Lions of the Deſart.
Their Wives with Loads of Children at their backs,
Bold manly Hags, whom Shame had long forſook,
And vagrant living had inur'd to Ill,
Follow'd in Troops like Furies.

Mar. jun. And all was done too when that Dolt *Metellus*
Shrank like a Worm, and *Sylla* ſcarce was heard of.

Mar. ſen. That curſt *Metellus* ſtill has been my Plague,
And ever done me moſt deliberate Wrong;
Becauſe, like a tame Hawk, I ſcorn'd to fly
Juſt at his Quarries, and attend his Lure.

Becauſe

Becauſe I grew too great for him in Wars,
And ſerv'd his Country well, he hates me. Twice
Have I already offer'd him Alliance,
And ask'd *Lavinia*, *Marius*, for thy Bed.
Beggary catch me when again I court him.
Why ſigh'ſt thou, Boy? ſtill at the unlucky Name
Of that *Lavinia*, I have obſerv'd thee thus
With thy Looks fix'd, as if thy Fate had ſeiz'd thee.

Mar. jun. Why did you name *Lavinia*? would ſh' had ne'er
Been born, or that *Metellus* had not got her.

Mar. ſen. Forget her, *Marius*, ſhe's a dainty Bit,
A Delicate for none but *Sylla*'s taſte,
Th' Fav'rite *Sylla*, th' Idol that's ſet up
To blaſt thy Hopes, and cloud thy Father's Glories.
Conſider that, my *Marius*, and forget her.

Mar. jun. Forget her? Oh! ſh' has Beauty might enſnare
A Conqueror's Soul, and make him leave his Crowns
At random to be ſcuffled for by Slaves.
Forget her? Oh! teach me (great Parent) teach me;
Read me each Day a Lecture of the Wrongs
Done you by that Inglorious Patrician,
Till my Heart know no Longings but Revenge,
And quite forget *Lavinia* e'er dwelt there.
Methinks 'twould not be hard, e'en midſt the Senate,
To ſtrike this through him in his Conſul's Chair.
Tumble him thence, and mount it in his ſtead.

Mar. ſen. Oh! name not him and Conſulſhip together:
Sylla and Conſul? ſet 'em far apart
As Eaſt from Weſt, for as they now are met,
It bodes Confuſion, *Rome*, to thee and thine.

Gran. I'd rather ſee *Rome* but one Funeral Pile,
And all her People quitting her like Bees,
Driven by Sulphur from their Hives;
Much rather ſee her Senators in Chains,
Dragg'd through the Streets to Death, and Slaves made Lords,
Than ſee that vain preſumptuous Upſtart's Pride
Succeed to lead the Armies you have bred.

Mar. ſen. 'Tis ſuch a wrong as even tortures Thought,
That we who've been her Champion forty Years,
Fought all her Battels with renown'd Succeſs,
And never loſt her yet a Man in vain,
Should, now her Nobleſt Fortune is at Stake,
And *Mithridates* Sword is drawn, be thrown
Aſide, like ſome old broken batter'd Shield;
To ſee my Laurels wither as I ruſt:
And all this manag'd by the curſed Craft,

Petulant Envy, and malignant Spight
Of that old barking Senate's Dog *Metellus*.
Stake me, juſt Gods, with Thunder to the Earth,
Lay my gray Hairs low in the Cave of Death,
Rather than live in mem'ry of ſuch Shame.

Gran. Periſh *Metellus* firſt, and all his Race.

Mar. ſen. There ſpoke the Soul of *Marius*. By the head
Of *Jove*,
I hate him worſe than Famine or Diſeaſes.
Periſh his Family, let inveterate Hate
Commence between our Houſes from this moment;
And meeting never let 'em bloodleſs part.
Go, *Gravius*, bid *Sulpitius* ſtraight be ready
To meet me with his Guards upon the *Forum*.
By all the Gods, I'll chaſe the Dæmon out,
That rages thus in *Rome*, or let her Blood
To that degree, till ſhe grow tame enough
To tremble at the Rod of my Revenge,
Why didſt not thou applaud me for the Thought,
Take m' in thy Arms, and cheriſh my old Heart?
'T had been a lucky Omen. Art thou dumb?

Mar. jun. As dumb as ſolemn Sorrow ought to be.
Could my Griefs ſpeak, the Tale would have no end.
Muſt I reſolve to hate *Metellus* Race,
Yet know *Lavinia* took her Being thence?
Lavinia! Oh! there's Muſick in the Name,
That ſoftning me to Infant Tenderneſs,
Makes my Heart ſpring like the firſt leaps of Life.

Mar. ſen. Then thou art loſt: If thou art Man and *Roman*,
If thou haſt Vertue in thee, or canſt prize
Thy Father's Honour, ſcorn her like a Slave.
Hell! Love her? Damn her: there's *Metellus* in her.
In every Line of her bewitching Face,
There's a Reſemblance tells whoſe Brood ſhe came of.
I'd rather ſee thee in a Brothel trapt,
And baſely Wedded to a Ruffian's Whore,
Than thou ſhouldſt think to taint my Generous Blood
With the baſe Puddle of that o'er-fed Gown-man.
Lavinia?——

Mar. jun. Yes, *Lavinia*: Is ſhe not
As harmleſs as the Turtle of the Woods?
Fair as the Summer-Beauty of the Fields?
As opening Flow'rs untainted yet with Winds,
The Pride of Nature, and the Joy of Senſe?
Why firſt did you bewitch me to weakneſs?
When from the Sacrifice we came together,

And as by her's our Chariot drove along,
These were your words: That, *Marius*, that is she
That must give Happiness to thee and *Rome*,
Confirming in thy Arms my wish'd for Peace
With old *Metellus*, and break *Sylla's* Heart.

Mar. sen. Then she was charming.

Mar. jun. Oh! I found her so.
I look't and gaz'd, and never miss'd my Heart,
It fled so pleasingly away. But now
My Soul is all *Lavinia's*, now she's fixt
Firm in my Heart by secret Vows made there,
Th' indelible Records of faithful Love.
You'd have me hate her. Can my Nature change?
Create me o'er again— and I may be
That haughty Master of my self you'd have me:
But as I am, the Slave of strong desires,
That keep me struggling under. Though I see
The hopeless state of my unhappy Love;
With Torment, like a stubborn Slave that lies
Chain'd to the Floor, stretch'd helpless on his back,
I look to Liberty, and break my Heart.

Mar. sen. Has she yet heard your Love, or granted her's?

Mar. jun. If Eyes may speak the language of the Heart,
If ten'rest Glances, Sighs, and sudden Blushes
May be interpreted for Love in one
So Young, so Fair, and Innocent as she,
Our Souls can ne'er be Strangers.——

Mar. sen. No more: I'll have *Lavinia* nam'd no more.
When next thou nam'st her, let it be with infamy.
Tell me, sh'has whor'd or fled her Father's House
With some course Slave t'a secret Cell of Lust,
And then I'll bless thee.

Mar. jun. I shall obey. Gods, from your Skies look down,
And find like me one wretched if you can.
No, Sir, I'll speak that hateful name no more,
But be as Curst as you can wish your Son.

Enter Sulpitius.

Mar. sen. Oh *Sulpitius*!
Thou darling of m' Ambition, art thou come?
What news?

Sulpit. I've left a Present at your House,
The Head of a *Metellus*, a gay, tall,
Young thing, that was in time t' have been a Lord,
But he's but Worms meat now.

Mar. sen.

Mar. sen. My best *Sulpitius*,
Thou always comfort'st me. See here a Man,
A Stranger to my Blood as well as Fortune,
But meerly of his choice my Honour's Friend:
What mighty things would he not do for me?
Could'st thou, when Honour call'd thee, whine for Love?—

Sulpit. How? my young Son of War in Love? with whom?

Mar. jun. A Woman, Sir. — I must not speak her Name.

Sulpit. If it be hopeless Love, use generous means,
And lay a kinder Beauty to the Wound.
Take in a new Infection to the Heart,
And the rank Poyson of the old will die.——

Mar. jun. A Plantane-Leaf is excellent for that.

Sulpit. For what?

Mar. jun. For broken Shins.

Sulpit. Why? art thou mad?

Mar. jun. Not Mad, but bound more than a Mad-man is,
Confin'd to limits, kept without my Food.
Whipt and tormented,——Prithee do not wake me;
Let me dream on——

Sulpit. Oh! the small Queen of Fairies
Is busie in his Brains; the *Mab* that comes
Drawn by a little Team of smallest Atoms
Over Mens Noses as they lie asleep,
In a Chariot of an empty Hazel-nut
Made by a Joyner-Squirrel: in which State
She gallops Night by Night through Lovers Brains,
And then how wickedly they dream, all know.
Sometimes she courses o'er a Courtier's Nose,
And then he dreams of begging an Estate.
Sometimes she hurries o'er a Soldier's Neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign Throats,
Of Breaches, Ambuscado's, temper'd Blades,
Of good rich Winter-quarters, and false Musters.
Sometimes she tweaks a Poet by the Ear,
And then dreams he
Of Panegyricks, flatt'ring Dedications,
And mighty Presents from the Lord knows who,
But wakes as empty as he laid him down.
Sh'has been with *Sylla* too, and he dreams now
Of nothing but a Consulship.

Mar. Sen. A Rattle!
Give the fantastick giddy Boy a Rattle,
The puling Fondling should not want a Play-thing.
A Consulship?

Sulpit. By all the Gods, he'll shake it.

H'has

H'has drawn a Force from *Capua* here to *Rome*,
As if he meant Deſtruction or Succeſs:
The Rabble too are drunk with him already.——
Mar. ſen. Alarm all our Citizens to Arms
That are my Friends. Draw you your Guards together,
And take poſſeſſion of the *Forum*. Thou,
Inglorious Boy, behold my Face no more,
Till thou'ſt done ſomething worthy of my Name.
Mar. jun. Firſt periſh *Rome*, and all I hold moſt dear,
Rather than let me feel my Father's Hate——
Mar. ſen. Why, that's well ſaid——
Sulpit. My Troops are all together,
All ready on the *Forum*: But the Heav'ns
Play tricks with us. Our Enſigns, as they ſtood
Diſplayed before our Troops, took Fire untouch'd,
And burnt to Tinder.
Three Ravens brought their young ones in the Streets,
Devouring 'em before the People's Eyes,
Then bore the Garbage back into their Neſts,
A noiſe of Trumpets rattling in the Air
Was heard, and dreadful Cries of dying Men.
Mar. ſen. It was the *Roman* Genius that warns
Me, her old Friend, not to let ſlip my Fate.
Ambition! Oh, Ambition! If I've done
For thee things great and well——ſhall Fortune now
Forſake me?
Hark thee, *Sulpitius*, if it come to blows,
Let not a Hair of that *Metellus* 'ſcape thee,
Who'd ſtrip my Age of its more dear-bought Honours.
Elſe why have I thus buffled in the World,
Through various and uncertain Fortunes hurl'd,
But to be Great, unequall'd, and alone?
Which only he can be who ſtill ſpurs on
As ſwift at laſt as when he firſt begun—— [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt ACT.

C ACT.

ACT. II.

Enter Metellus *and Nurse.*

Metell. I Cannot rest to Night: Ill-boding Thoughts
Have chas'd soft Sleep from my unsettled Brains.
This seems *Lavinia*'s Chamber, and she up.
Rest too to Night has been a Stranger here.
Lavinia! My Daughter, hoa? Where art thou?

Nurse. Now by my Maidenhead, (at twelve Years old I had one) Come, what Lamb? What, Lady-bird? Gods forbid. Where's this Girl *Lavinia?*

Enter Lavinia.

Lavin. How now? Who calls?

Nurse. Your Father, Child.

Lavin. I'm here. Your Lordship's Pleasure.

Metell. Why up at this unlucky time of Night,
When nought but loathsome Vermine are abroad,
Or Witches gathering pois'nous Herbs for Spells
By the pale light of the cold waning Moon?

Lavin. Alas! I could not sleep: In a sad Dream
Methought I saw one standing by my Bed,
To warn me I should have a care of Sleep,
For 'twould be baneful———

Metell. Dreams give Children Fears.

Lavin. At which I rose from my uneasie Pillows,
And to my Closet went, to pray the Gods
T' avert th' unlucky Omen.

Metell. 'Twas well done.
Nurse, Give us leave a while: I must impart
Something to my *Lavinia.* Yet stay,
And hear it too. Thou know'st *Lavinia*'s Age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I know her Age to an hour.

Metell. She's bare Sixteen.

Nurse. I'll lay sixteen of my Teeth of it; and yet no Disparagement, I have but six; She's not Sixteen. How long is't now since *Marius* triumph'd last!

Metell. No matter, Woman; what's that to thee?

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the Year, since *Marius* enter'd *Rome*

Rome in Triumph, 'tis now even Thirteen Years. Young *Marius* then too was but a Boy. My *Lais* and ſhe were both of an Age. Well, *Lais* is in Happineſs, ſhe was too good for me. But as I was ſaying, a Month hence ſhe'll be Sixteen. 'Tis ſince *Marius* triumph'd now full Thirteen Years, and then ſhe was weaned. Sure I ſhall never forget it of all days.—Upon that day (for I had then laid Wormſeed to my Breaſt, ſitting in the Sun under the Dove-houſe-wall) my Lady and you were at the Show. Nay, I do bear a Brain! But, as I ſaid before, when it did taſte the Wormſeed on my Nipple, and felt it bitter, pretty Fool! to ſee it teachy and fall out with the Nipple. Shout, quo' the People in the Streets. 'Twas no need, I trow, to bid me trudge. And ſince that time it is Thirteen Years; and then ſhe cou'd ſtand alone, nay, ſhe cou'd run and waddle all about: For juſt the day before, ſhe broke her Fore-head, and then my Husband (Peace be with him, he was a merry Man) took up the Baggage. Ay, quoth he, doſt thou fall upon thy Face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more Wit; wilt thou not, *Vinny?* and by my ſackings, the pretty Chit left Crying, and ſaid, Ay.—I warrant and I ſhould live a Thouſand Years, I never ſhould forget it. Wilt thou not, *Vinny*, quoth he; and pretty Fool, it ſtopt, and ſaid Ay.

Metell. Enough of this; ſtop thy impertinent Chat.

Nurſe. Yes, my Lord: yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to think it ſhould leave crying, and ſay, Ay.———And yet in ſadneſs it had a Bump on its Brow as big as a Cockril's Stone, a parlous Knock, and it cry'd bitterly. Ay, quo' my Husband, fall'ſt upon thy Face? thou wilt fall backward when thou com'ſt to Age, wilt thou not, *Vinny?* Look you now, it ſtinted, and ſaid, Ay.——

Metell. Intolerable trifling Goſſip, peace.

Nurſe. Well; thou waſt the pretty'ſt Babe that e'er I nurſt. Might I but live to ſee thee marry'd once, I ſhould be happy. It ſtinted, and ſaid, Ay.

Metell. What think you then of Marriage, my *Lavinia*? It was the Subject that I came to treat of.

Lavin. It is a thing I have not dreamt of yet.

Nurſe. Thing? the thing of Marriage? were I not thy Nurſe, I would ſwear thou hadſt ſuckt thy Wiſdom from thy Teat. The Thing?

Metell. Think of it now then, for I come to make
Propoſals may be worthy of your Wiſhes.
They are for *Sylla*, the young, the gay, the handſome,
Noble in Birth and Mind, the Valiant *Sylla*.

Nurſe. A Man, young Lady, Lady, ſuch a Man as all the world — why he's a Man of Wax.

Metell. Conſider, Child, my Hopes are all in Thee
And now Old Age gains ground ſo faſt upon me,

'Mongſt all its ſad Infirmities, my Fears
For thee are not the ſmalleſt.
Therefore I've made Alliance with this *Sylla*,
A high-born Lord, and of the nobleſt Hopes
That *Rome* can boaſt, to give thee to his Arms;
So in the Winter of my Age to find
Reſt from all worldly Cares, and kind rejoycing
In the warm Sun-ſhine of thy Happineſs.

Lavin. If Happineſs be ſeated in Content,
Or that my being bleſs'd can make you ſo,
Let me implore it on my Knees. I am
Your only Child, and ſtill, through all the Courſe
Of my paſt Life, have been obedient too:
And as y'have ever been a loving Parent,
And bred me up with watchful tender'ſt Care,
Which never coſt me hitherto a Tear;
Name not that *Sylla* any-more, indeed
I cannot love him.

Metell. Why?

Lavin. Indeed I cannot.

Metell. Oh early Diſobedience! by the Gods,
Debauch'd already to her Sex's Folly,
Perverſeneſs, and untoward head-ſtrong Will!

Lavin. Think me not ſo; I gladly ſhall ſubmit
To any thing; nay, muſt ſubmit to all:
Yet think a little, or you ſell my Peace.
The Rites of Marriage are of mighty moment:
And ſhould you violate a thing ſo Sacred
Into a lawful Rape, and ſoad my Soul
With hateful Bonds, which never can grow eaſie,
How miſerable am I like to be?

Metell. Has then ſome other taken up your Heart?
And baniſh'd Duty as an Exile thence?
What ſenſual lewd Companion of the Night
Have you been holding Converſation with,
From open Windows at a midnight Hour,
When your looſe Wiſhes would not let you ſleep?

Lavin. If I ſhould love, is that a Fault in one
So young as I? I cannot gueſs the Cauſe,
But when you firſt nam'd *Sylla* for my Love,
My Heart ſhrunk back as if you'd done it wrong,
If I did love, I'd tell you——if I durſt.
Oh *Marius*!

Metell. Hah!

Lavin. 'Twas *Marius*, Sir, I nam'd,
That Enemy to you and all your Houſe.

'Twas an unlucky Omen that he first
Demanded me in Marriage for his Son.
Yet, Sir, believe me, I as soon cou'd wed
That *Marius*, whom I've cause to hate, as *Sylla*.
Metell. No more; by all the Gods, 'twill make me mad,
That daily, nightly, hourly, every way
My care has been to make thy Fortune high;
And having now provided thee a Lord
Of noblest Parentage, of fair Demesns,
Early in Fame, Youthful, and well ally'd,
In every thing as thought cou'd wish a Man,
To have at last a wretched puling Fool,
A whining Suckling, ignorant of her good,
To answer, *I'll not wed, I cannot love.*
If thou art mine, resolve upon Compliance,
Or think no more to rest beneath my Roofs.
Go, try thy risk in Fortune's barren Field,
Graze where thou wilt; but think no more of Me,
Till thy Obedience welcome thy Return.
Lavin. Will you then quite cast off your poor *Lavinia*?
And turn me like a Vagrant out of Doors,
To wander up and down the Streets of *Rome*,
And beg my Bread with Sorrow? Can I bear
The proud and hard Revilings of a Slave,
Fat with his Master's plenty, when I ask
A little pity for my pinching Wants?
Shall I endure the cold, wet, windy Night,
To seek a shelter under dropping Eves,
A Porch my Bed, a Threshold for my Pillow,
Shiv'ring and starv'd for want of Food,
Swell'd with my Sighs, and almost choak'd with Tears?
Must I at the uncharitable Gates
Of proud great Men implore Relief in vain?
Must I, your poor *Lavinia*, bear all this,
Because I am not Mistress of my Heart,
Or cannot love according to your liking?
Metell. Art thou not Mistress of thy Heart then?
Lavin. No.
'Tis giv'n away.
Metell. To whom?
Lavin. I dare not tell.
But I'll endeavour strangely to forget him,
If you'll forget but *Sylla*.
Metell. Thou dost well.
Conceal his Name if thou'dst preserve his Life.
For if there be a Death in *Rome* that might

Be bought, it ſhould not miſs him. From this hour
Curſt be thy Purpoſes, moſt curſt thy Love.
And if thou marry'ſt, in thy Wedding-night
May all the Curſes of an injured Parent
Fall thick, and blaſt the Bleſſings of thy Bed.

Lavin. What have you done? alas! Sir, as you ſpoke,
Methought the Fury of your words took place,
And ſtruck my Heart, like Lightning, dead within me.
Gone too? [*Exit* Metellus.
Is there no Pity ſitting in the Clouds
That ſees into the bottom of my Grief?
Alas! that ever Heaven ſhould practiſe Stratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a Subject as my ſelf!
What ſay'ſt Thou? haſt thou not a word of Joy?
Some Comfort, Nurſe, in this Extremity.

Nurſe. Marry, and there's but need on't: 'ods my Life, this Dad of ours was an arrant Wag in his young Days for all this. Well, and what then? *Marius* is a Man, and ſo's *Sylla*. Oh! but *Marius*'s Lip! and then *Sylla*'s Noſe and Forehead! But then *Marius*'s Eye again! how 'twill ſparkle, and twinkle, and rowl, and ſleer? But to ſee *Sylla* a Horſe-back! But to ſee *Marius* Walk or Dance! ſuch a Leg, ſuch a Foot, ſuch a Shape, ſuch a Motion. Ah a... Well, *Marius* is the Man, muſt be the Man, and ſhall be the Man.

Lavin. He's by his Father's Nature rough and fierce,
And knows not yet the Follies of my Love:
And when he does, perhaps may ſcorn and hate me.

Nurſe. Yes, yes, he's a rude, unmannerly, ill-bred Fellow. He is not the Flow'r of Courteſie; but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a Lamb. Go thy ways, Child, ſerve God. What? a Father's an old Man, and Old Men they ſay will take care. But a Young Man! Girl, ah! a Young Man! There's a great deal in a Young Man, and thou ſhalt have a Young Man. What? I have been thy Nurſe theſe Sixteen Years, and I ſhould know what's good for thee ſurely. Oh! ay... a Young Man!

Lavin. Now prithee leave me to my ſelf a while. [*Exit Nurſe.*
'Tis hardly yet within two hours of Day.
Sad Nights ſeen long... I'll down into the Garden.
The Queen of Night
Shines fair with all her Virgin-ſtars about her.
Not one amongſt 'em all a Friend to me:
Yet by their Light a while I'll guide my ſteps,
And think what courſe my wretched ſtate muſt take.
Oh, *Marius!* [*Exit* Lavinia.

SCENE.

SCENE.

A Walled Garden belonging to Metellus's *House.*

Enter Marius junior.

Mar. jun. HOw vainly have I ſpent this idle Night!
Ev'n Wine can't heal the ragings of my Love.
This ſure ſhould be the Manſion of *Lavinia*;
For in ſuch Groves the Deities firſt dwelt.
Can I go forward when my Heart is here?
Turn back, dull Earth, and find thy Centre out.
[*Enters the Garden.*

Enter Granius *and* Sulpitius.

Gran. This way——he went——Why, *Marius*! Brother *Marius*!
Sulp. Perhaps he's wiſe, and gravely gone to Bed.
There's not ſo weak a Drunkard as a Lover;
One Bottle to his Lady's Health quite addles him.
Gran. He ran this way, and leap'd this Orchard-Wall.
Call, good *Sulpitius*.
Sulp. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Why, *Marius*! Humours! Paſſion! mad-man Lover!
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a Sigh.
Speak but one word, and I am ſatisfied.
He hears not, neither ſtirs he yet. Nay then
I conjure you by bright *Lavinia*'s Eyes,
By her bright Forehead, and her Scarlet Lip,
By her fine Foot, ſtrait Leg, and quivering Thigh,
And the Demeſns that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.
Gran. Hold, good *Sulpitius*, this will anger him——
Sulp. This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him
To raiſe a Spirit in his Lady's Arms,
Till ſhe had laid and charm'd it down agen.
Gran. Let's go; h'has hid himſelf among theſe Trees,
To dye his Melancholy Mind in Night.
Blind is his Love, and beſt befits the Dark.
Sulp. Pox o'this Love, this little Scarcrow Love,
That frights Fools with his painted Bow of Lath
Out of their feeble ſenſe.
Gran. Stop there——let's leave the Subject and its Slave;
Or burn *Metellus*'s Houſe about his Ears.

Sulp.

Sulp. This morning *Sylla* means to enter *Rome*:
Your Father too demands the Conſulſhip.
Yet now when he ſhou'd think of cutting Throats,
Your Brother's loſt; loſt in a maze of Love,
The idle Truantry of Callow Boys.
I'd rather truſt my Fortunes with a Daw,
That hops at every Butterfly he ſees,
Than have to do in Honour with a Man
That ſells his Vertue for a Woman's Smile. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Marius junior *in the Garden.*

Mar. jun. He laughs at Wounds that never felt their ſmart.
What Light is that which breaks through yonder Shade? [Lavinia *in the Balcony*
Oh! 'tis my Love.
She ſeems to hang upon the Cheek of Night,
Fairer than Snow upon the Raven's back,
Or a rich Jewel in an *Æthiop*'s Ear.
Were ſhe in yonder Sphere, ſhe'd ſhine ſo bright,
That Birds would ſing, and think the Day were breaking.
Lavin. Ah me!
Mar. jun. She ſpeaks.
Oh! ſpeak agen, bright Angel: for thou art
As Glorious to this Night, as Sun at Noon
To the admiring Eyes of gazing Mortals,
When he beſtrides the lazy puffing Clouds,
And ſails upon the boſom of the Air.
Lavin. O *Marius, Marius!* wherefore art thou *Marius?*
Deny thy Family, renounce thy Name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my Love,
And I'll no longer call *Metellus* Parent.
Mar. jun. Shall I hear this, and yet keep ſilence?
Lavin. No.
'Tis but thy Name that is my Enemy.
Thou would'ſt be ſtill thy ſelf, though not a *Marius*,
Belov'd of me, and charming as thou art.
What's in a Name? that which we call a Roſe,
By any other Name won'd ſmell as ſweet.
So *Marius*, were he not *Marius* call'd,
Be ſtill as dear to my deſiring Eyes,
Without that Title. *Marius*, loſe thy Name,
And for that Name, which is no part of thee,
Take all *Lavinia.*
Mar. jun. At thy word I take thee.
Call me but Thine, and Joys will ſo tranſport me,
I ſhall forget my ſelf, and quite be chang'd.

Lavin.

Lavin. Who art thou, that thus hid and veil'd in Night,
Haſt overheard my Follies?
Mar. jun. By a Name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My Name, dear Creature's hateful to my ſelf:
Becauſe it is an Enemy to Thee.
Lavin. Marius? how cam'ſt thou hither? tell, and, why?
The Orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place Death, conſid'ring who thou art,
If any of our Family here find thee,
By whoſe directions didſt thou find this place?
Mar. jun. By Love, that firſt did prompt me to enquire.
He lent me Counſel, and I lent him Eyes.
I am no Pilot; yet wert thou as far
As the vaſt Shoar waſht by the fartheſt Sea,
I'd hazard Ruine for a Prize ſo dear.——
Lavin. Oh *Marius*! vain are all ſuch Hopes and Wiſhes.
The hand of Heav'n has thrown a Bar between us,
Our Houſes Hatred and the Fate of *Rome*,
Where none but *Sylla* muſt be happy now.
All bring him Sacrifices of ſome ſort,
And I muſt be a Victim to his Bed.
To night my Father broke the dreadful News;
And when I urg'd him for the Right of Love,
He threatn'd me to baniſh me his Houſe,
Naked and ſhiftleſs to the World. Would'ſt thou,
Marius, receive a Beggar to thy Boſom?
Mar. jun. Oh! were my Joys but fixt upon that point,
I'd then ſhake hands with Fortune, and be friends;
Thus graſp my Happineſs, embrace it thus,
And bleſs th'ill turn that gave thee to my Arms.
Lavin. Thou know'ſt the mark of night is on my Face,
Elſe ſhould I bluſh for what thou'ſt heard me ſpeak.
Fain would I dwell on Form; fain, fain deny
The things I've ſaid: but farewel all ſuch Follies.
Doſt thou then love? I know thou'lt ſay thou doſt;
And I muſt take thy word, though thou prove falſe.
Mar. jun. By yon bright *Cynthia*'s Beams that ſhines above.
Lavin. Oh! ſwear not by the Moon, th'inconſtant Moon,
That changes monthly, and ſhines but by Seaſons,
Leſt that thy Love prove variable too.
Mar. jun. What ſhall I ſwear by?
Lavin. Do not ſwear at all.
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Who art the God of my Idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Mar. jun. Witness all ye Pow'rs.

Lavin. Nay, do not swear: Although my Joy be great,
I'm hardly satisfy'd with this night's Contract!
It seems too rash, too unadvis'd and sudden,
Too like the Lightning, which does cease to be
Ere one can say it is. Therefore this time
Good-night, my *Marius*: May a happier hour
Bring us to crown our Wishes.

Mar. jun. Why wilt thou leave me so unsatisfy'd?

Lavin. What wouldst thou have?

Mar. jun. Th'Exchange of Love for mine.

Lavin. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I wish I could retrieve it back.

Mar jun. Why?

Lavin. But to be frank, and give it thee agen.
My Bounty is as boundless as the Sea,
My Love as deep: the more I give to thee,
The more I have: for both are Infinite.
I hear a Noise within. Farewel, my *Marius*;
Or stay a little, and I'll come agen.

Mar. jun. Stay; sure for ever.

Lavin. Three words, and *Marius*, then good-night indeed.
If that thy Love be honourably meant,
Thy purpose Marriage, send me word to morrow,
And all my Fortunes at thy feet I'll lay.

Nurse within. Madam!

Lavin. I come anon. But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,

Nurse within. Madam! Madam!——

Lavin. By and by, I come.
To cease thy Suit, and leave me to Griefs.
To morrow I will send.—— [*Exit.*

Mar. jun. So thrive my Soul. Is not all this a Dream,
Too lovely, sweet and fact'ring to be true?

Re-enter Lavinia.

Lavin. Hist; *Marius*, hist. Oh for a Falkner's Voice,
To lure this Tassel-gentle back agen.
Restraint has Fears, and may not speak aloud:
Else would I tear the Cave where Echo lies,
With repetition of my *Marius*.——

Mar. jun. It is my Love that calls me back agen.
How sweetly Lovers Voices sound by night!
Like softest Musick to attending Ears.

Lavin. Marius.

Mar. jun. My Dear.

Lavin. What a clock to morrow?

Mar. jun. At the hour of nine.

Lavin.

Lavin. I will not fail: 'Tis twenty years till then.
Why did I call thee back?
Mar. jun. Let me here stay till thou remember'st why.
Lavin. The morning's breaking, I wou'd have thee gone,
And yet no farther than a Wanton's Bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
To pull it by its Fetters back agen.
Mar. jun. Would I were thine.
Lavin. Indeed, and so would I:
Yet I should kill thee sure with too much cherishing.
No more.— Good night.
Mar. jun. There's such sweet pain in parting,
That I could hang for ever on thy Arms,
And look away my life into thy Eyes.
Lavin. To morrow will come.
Mar. jun. So it will. Good night.
Heav'n be thy Guard; and all its Blessings wait thee—[*Ex. Lavin.*
To morrow! 'tis no longer: But Desires
Are swift, and longing Love wou'd lavish time,
To morrow! oh to morrow! till that come,
The tedious hours move heavily away,
And each long minute seems a lazy day.
Already Light is mounted in the Air,
Striking it self through every Element.
Our Party will by this time be abroad,
To try the Fate of *Marius* and *Rome*.
Love and Renown sure court me thus together.
Smile, smile, ye Gods, and give Success to both. [*Exit*

SCENE, *the Forum.*

Enter Four Citizens.

3 *Cit.* WEll, Neighbour, now we are here, what must we do?
1. *Cit.* Why, you must give your Vote for *Caius Marius* to be Consul: And if any body speaks against you knock 'em down.
2. *Cit.* The truth on't is, there's nothing like a Civil Government, where good Subjects may have leave to knock Brains out to maintain Privileges.
3. *Cit.* Look you — but what's this *Sylla*? this *Sylla*? I've heard great talk of him. — He's a damnable fighting Fellow they say; but hang him — he's a Lord.
1. *Cit.* Ay, so he is, Neighbours: And I know not why any one should be a Lord more than another. I care not for a Lord; What good do they do? nothing but run in our debts, and lie with our Wives—

4. *Cit.* Why, there's a Grievance now. I have three Boys at home, no more mine than *Rome*'s mine. They are all fair curl'd hair *Cupids*; and I am an honest black tawny Kettle-fac'd Fellow.— I'll ha'no Lords.—— [*Drums and Trumpets.*

1. *Cit.* Hark! hark! Drums and Trumpets! Drums and Trumpets! They are coming. Be you sure you roar out for a *Marius*; and do as much mischief as you can.——

Enter Marius senior *and his Sons*, Marius *born upon the Shoulders of two* Roman *Slaves*; Sulpitius *at the Head of the Guards.* [*Trumpets.*

Sulpit. Hearken, ye Men of *Rome*. I, I, *Sulpitius*,
Your Tribune, and Protector of your Freedoms,
By virtue of that Office here have call'd you
To chuse a Consul. *Mithridates* King of *Pontus* has begun a War upon us,
Invaded our Allies, our Edicts violated,
And threatens *Rome* it self. Whom will you chuse
To lead you forth in this most Glorious War?
Marius, or *Sylla*?

All Cit. A *Marius*! a *Marius*! a *Marius*!

Mar. sen. Country-men,
And Fellow-Citizens, my Brethren all,
Or, if it may be thought a dearer name,
My Sons, my Children, Glory of my Age;
I come not hither arm'd to force your Suffrage,
As *Sylla* does to enter *Rome* with Pow'r,
As if he meant a Triumph o'er his Country.
I have not made a Party in the Senate,
To bring you into Slavery, or load
Your Necks with the hard Yoke of Lordly Pow'r.
I am no Noble, but a Free-born Man,
A Citizen of *Rome*, as all you are,
A Lover of your Liberties and Laws,
Your Rights and Privileges. Witness here
These Wounds, which in your Service I have got,
And best plead for me.

All Cit. Marius! *Marius*! *Marius*! no *Sylla*! no *Sylla*! no *Sylla*!

Sulpit. No more remains,
Most honourable Consul, but that straight you resume
The Seat Tribunal. Lictors, bring your Rods,
Axes and Fasces, and present 'em here.
Hail *Caius Marius*, Consul of the War.

—— *Trumpets.*

Trumpets. *Enter* Metellus, Cinna, Antonius, Quintus Pompeius, *his Son*, &c. *Guards.*

Metell. See, *Romans*, there the Ruine of your Freedom,
The blazing Meteor that bodes ill to *Rome*.
Oppreſſion, Tyranny, Avarice and Pride,
All centre in that melancholick Brow.
If you are mad for Slavery, long to try
The weight of abs'lute Chains, once more proclaim him,
And ſhout ſo loud till *Mithridates* hear,
And laugh to think your Throats fit for his Sword.
Take me, take all your Senators, and drag
Us headlong to the *Tyber*,—plunge us in,
And bid adieu to Liberty for ever—
Then turn and fall before your new-made God;
Bring your Eſtates, your Children and your Wives,
And lay 'em at the feet of his Ambition.
This you muſt do, and well it will become
Such Slaves, who ſell their Charters for a Holy-day.

Cit. No *Marius!* no *Marius!*

Metell. *Quintus Pompeius*, in the Senate's Name,
As Conſul, we command thee to demand
Juſtice of *Marius*, and proclaim him Traitor.

Q. Pomp. Defend then, *Marius*, Traitor to the State
And Liberty of *Rome*, and hear thy Sentence.

Mar. ſen. Now, by the Gods, this Cauſe is worthy of me,
Worthy my Fate.
Is this the Right and Liberty of *Rome*,
To pull its Lawful Conſul from his Seat,
Unjudg'd, and brand him with the mark of Traitor?
Draw all your Swords, all you that are my Friends.
Sulpitius, damn the Rabble, let 'em fall
Like common Droſs with that well-ſpoken Fool,
That popular Clack: or let us ſell our Fates
So dear, that *Rome* may ſicken with our Fall.

All Cit. No *Marius!* no *Marius!* Down with him, down with him.

Sulp. Ha! What art thou?

Y. Pomp. The Conſul's Son.

Sulp. A Worm;
A thin Skin full of Dirt; and thus I tread thee
Into thy Mother Earth.— [*Kills him.*

Mar. ſen. Drag hence that Traitor,
And bring me ſtraight his Head upon thy Dart.
The Fate of *Rome*'s begun.

Q. Pomp. Our Children murther'd,

Thus

Thus maſſacred before our Eyes? Come all
That love *Pompeius*, and revenge his loſs.
Sulpit. Fall on.
All Cit. No *Marius!* no *Marius!* Liberty! Liberty! *&c.*
They fight, Marius Conquers.
Mar. ſen. Thanks for this good beginning, Gods, Theſe Slaves
Theſe wide-mouth'd Brutes that bellow thus for Freedom,
Oh! how they ran before the hand of pow'r,
Flying for ſhelter into every Brake!
Like cow'rdly fearful Sheep they break their Herd,
When the Wooll's out and ranging for his Prey.
Sulpitius, thy Guards did noble Service.
Sulpit. Oh! they are Fellows fit for you and I,
Fit for the work of Power: ſay the word,
Not one amongſt 'em all but what ſhall run,
Take an old grumbling Senator by th' Beard,
And ſhake his Head off from his ſhrinking Shoulders.
Mar. ſen. Sylla, I hear, is at the Gates of *Rome*.
Proclaim ſtraight Liberty to every Slave
That will but own the Cauſe of *Caius Marius*.
Horrour, Confuſion, and inverted Order,
Vaſt Deſolation, Slaughter, Death and Ruine
Muſt have their courſes ere this Ferment ſettle.
" Thus the Great *Jove* above, who rules alone,
" When Men forget his God-like Pow'r to own,
" Uſes no common means, no common ways;
" But ſends forth Thunder, and the World obeys. *Ex. omnes.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

Enter Sulpitius, Granius, *and all the Guards.*

Sulpit. *Rome* never ſaw a morning ſure like this:
Now ſhe begins to know the Rod of Pow'r;
Her wanton blood can ſmart.
Were I the Conſul, not a Head in *Rome*
That had but Thoughts of *Sylla*, ſhould ſtand ſafe.
Gran. Slaughter ſhou'd have continu'd with the day,
Mercy but gives Sedition time to rally.
Every ſoft, pliant, talking, buſie Rogue,
Gathering a Flock of hot brain'd Fools together,
Can preach up new Rebellion. Till the Heads
Of all thoſe heavenly-inſpired Knaves be cruſh'd,
No Power can be ſafe —
Sulpit. Much will this day
Determine; *Sylla*'s now before the Walls,
And all his Forces ready for Command.
Four thouſand Slaves have taken hold on Freedom,
And come on Proclamation to our ſide.
Gran. Where ſhould my Brother be? He came not home to night.
Sulpit. Think of him as a Wretch that's dead,
Stabb'd with an Eye, run through the Brains with Love.
Gran. He talkt of ſending *Sylla* a Defiance.
Sulpit. Writ with a Pen made of a *Cupid*'s Quill.
Gran. Why, what is *Sylla*?
Sulpit. A moſt courageous Captain at a Congee:
He fights by meaſure, as your Artiſts ſing,
Keeps Diſtance, Time, Proportion, reſts his Reſts,
One, two, and the third in your Guts.
Oh! he's the very Butcher of a Button.
Gran. Would I could ſee my Brother. That damn'd Love
Of Women ruines nobleſt Purpoſes.
Sulpit. That Sex was firſt in mockery of us made.
They are the falſe deceitful Glaſſes where
We gaze, and dreſs our ſelves to all the Shapes
Of Folly. What is't Women cannot do?
She'll make a Stateſman quite forget his Cunning,
And truſt his deareſt Secrets to her Breaſt,
Where Fops have daily entrance: make a Prieſt
Forgetting the Hypocriſie of's Office,

Dance

Dance and ſhow tricks, to prove his ſtrength and brawn:
Make a Projector quibble, an old Judge
Put on falſe hair, and paint: and after all,
Though ſhe be known the lewdeſt of her Sex,
She'll make ſome Fool or other think ſhe's honeſt.
Your Father promis'd me to meet me here.
I wonder he delays ſo long.

Gran. He comes;
And with him too my Brother.

Sulpit. See your General,
Salute him all my Fellow-ſoldiers.

Mar. ſen. This,
Sulpitius, looks like Power. *Granius*, here
Receive thy Brother to thy Arms and bleſs him:
H'has done a thing moſt worthy of our Name,
Sent a Defiance into *Sylla*'s Camp,
Challenging forth the ſtouteſt Champion there,
In vindication of his Father's Cauſe,
And not an Out-law there dare ſend his Anſwer.
Once more, *Sulpitius*, are the People ours,
Enrag'd with *Sylla*'s coming arm'd, to force
The City. At the *Celimontane* Gate
He's poſted now, let's ſend him ſtraight Commands
I'th'name o'th'Senate and the *Roman* People,
T'advance no farther, till the ſtate of *Rome*
Be heard in publick, and my Choice confirm'd,
Or he continu'd Conſul.—

Sulp. That would be
But to prolong Neceſſity; for *Rome*
Muſt bleed: and ſince the Rabble now is ours,
Keep the Fools hot, Preach Dangers in their Ears,
Spread falſe Reports o'th'Senate, working up
Their Madneſs to a Fury quick and deſp'rate,
Till they run headlong into Civil Diſcords,
And do our buſineſs with their own Deſtruction.
Granius, go thou,
Send word to *Sylla* that he lay down Arms,
And render up himſelf to *Rome*.

Mar. jun. There's ſtill
A dangerous Wheel at work, a thoughtful Villain,
Cinna, wh'has rais'd his Fortune by the Jars
And Diſcords of his Country: like a Fly
O'er Fleſh, he buzzes about itching Ears,
Till he has vented his Infection there,
To feſter into Rancor and Sedition.
Would he were ſafe.

Mar. ſen.

Mar. sen. And safe he shall be: let him be proscrib'd,
The Fine upon his Head its weight in Gold.
Would I cou'd buy *Metellus*'s as cheap.
I have a tender Foolishness within me
May sometimes get the better of my Rage.
Sulpitius, therefore keep me warm; still ply
My ebbing Fury with the thoughts of *Sylla*,
Th' ungrateful Senate, and *Metellus* Pride;
And let not any thing may make me dreadful
Be left undone. Now to our Troops let's hasten,
And wait for *Sylla*'s Answer at our Arms. { *Ex.* Mar. sen. and Granius.

Sulp. Is not this better now than whining Love?
Now thou again art *Marius*, Son of Arms,
Thy Father's Honour, and thy Friends Delight.

Enter Nurse and Clodius.

Mar. jun. Sulpitius, what comes here? A Sail, *Sulpitius*.
Sulpit. A tatter'd one, and weather-beaten much.
Many a boisterous Storm has she been toss'd in,
And many a Pilot kept her to the Wind.
Nurse. Clodius.
Clod. Madam.
Sulpit. Madam.
Nurse. My Fan, *Clodius*.
Sulpit. Ay, good *Clodius*, to hide her Face.
Nurse. Good morrow, Gentlemen.
Sulpit. Good even, fair Gentlewoman.
Nurse. Fair Gentlewoman! Really 'tis very hot.
Sulpit. It should be so by your Ladyship's parch'd Face.
Nurse. Marry come up, my Gossip: whose Man are you?
Sulpit. A Woman's Man, my *Sybil*, would'st thou try
My strength in Feats of amorous engagement.
Lead me amongst the Beauteous, where they run
Wild in their Youth, and wanton to their Wildness,
Where I may chuse the foremost of the Herd,
And bear her trembling to some Bank bedeck'd
With sweetest Flowers, such as Joy would chuse
To dwell in; throw my inspir'd Arms about her,
And press her till she thought her self more bless'd
Than *Io* panting with the Joys of *Jove*.
Nurse. Panting? Joys? and *Jove?* Now by my troth 'tis very pretty. But, Gentlemen, can any Body tell where I may find young *Marius?*
Mar. jun. Yes, I can tell you, Madam. I am he.

Sulpit. Hah! by this Light a Bawd. So ho!
Come let's away. I hate a Morning Bawd,
That ſtinks of laſt-night's Office——— [*Exit Sulpit.*

Nurſe. Pray, Sir, what ſawcy Fellow's he that's gone?

Mar. jun. A Gentleman, Nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk; and will ſpeak more in a minute than he'll ſtand to in a Month.

Nurſe. And he ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down, and he were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch *Jacks*, or I'll find thoſe that ſhall. But now, Sir, I wiſh you much Joy——I hear you are———

Mar. jun. Marry'd, this day the bleſſed deed was done.
When the unhappy Diſcords firſt took flame
Betwixt my Father and the Senate; then
A holy Prieſt of *Hymen*, whom with Gold
I brib'd to yield us privately his Office,
Joyn'd our kind Hands, and now She's ever mine.

Nurſe. Well: fore God, I am ſo vex'd, that every part about me quivers. But pray, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bade me find you out. What ſhe bade me ſay, I'll keep to my ſelf. But firſt let me tell you, if you have led her into a Fool's Paradiſe, as they ſay; for the Gentlewoman is young, and therefore if you ſhould deal doubly with her, though you don't look like a Gentleman that wou'd uſe double dealing with a Lady———

Mar. jun. Commend me to thy Lady, I proteſt———

Nurſe. Good heart, and i'faith, I will tell as much. Lord! Lord! ſhe will be a joyful Woman.

Mar. jun. Bid her deviſe this Evening to receive
Me at her Window: Here is for thy paine——— [*Gives money.*

Nurſe. No truly, Sir; not a *Drachma*.

Mar. jun. Away; I ſay you ſhall.

Nurſe. This Evening, ſay you? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Mar. jun. And ſtay, kind Nurſe, behind the Garden-wall.
Within this Hour my Man ſhall meet thee there,
And bring thee Cords like a Tackling-Ladder,
Which to the bleſſed Manſion of my Joy
Muſt be my Conduct in the ſecret Night.
Farewell,——be true, and I'll reward thy pains.

Nurſe. Now Heav'ns bleſs thee.——Hark you, Sir.

Mar. jun. What ſay'ſt thou, Nurſe?

Nurſe. Nothing, but that my Miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt Lady. Lord! Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing——Oh!——there's a Spark, one *Sylla*, that would fain have a finger in the Pye,——but ſhe, good Soul, had as lieve hear of a Toad, a very Toad, as hear of him. I anger her ſometimes, and tell her *Sylla* is the properer Man.——But I'll warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any Clout in the verſal World. Well, you'll be ſure to come.———

Mar. jun. As ſure as Truth.

Nurſe. Well, when it was a little thing, and us'd to lie with me, it wou'd ſo kick, ſo ſprawl, and ſo play--and then I would tickle it, and then it would laugh, and then it would play agen. When it had tickling and playing enough, it would go to ſleep as gently as a Lamb. I ſhall never forget it——Then you'll be ſure to come--

Mar. jun. Can I forget to live?

Nurſe. Nay, but ſwear though.

Mar. jun. By this Kiſs, which thou ſhalt carry to *Lavinia*.

Nurſe. Oh! dear Sir, by no means. Indeed you ſhall not. I have been drinking *Aqua vitæ*. Oh! thoſe Eyes of yours!

Mar. jun. Till Night farewell.——

Nurſe. Till Night; I'll ſay no more, but da, da. Come *Clodius*, Ah! thoſe Eyes! [*Ex. Nurſe and* Clodius.

Mar. jun. What pains ſhe takes with her officious Folly?
How happy is the Evening-tide of Life,
When Phlegm has quench'd our Paſſions, trifling out
The feeble Remnant of our ſilly Days
In Follies, ſuch as Dotage beſt is pleas'd with,
Free from the wounding and tormenting Cares
That toſs the thoughtful, active, buſie Mind?
Though this Day be the deareſt of my Life,
There's ſomething hangs moſt heavy on my Heart,
And my Brain's ſick with Dulneſs.

Enter Marius ſenior.

Mar. ſen. Where's this Loyterer,
This moſt inglorious Son of *Caius Marius*?
With folded Arms and down-caſt Eyes he ſtands,
The Marks and Emblem of a Woman's Fool.

Mar. jun. My Father.

Mar. ſen. Call me by ſome other Name;
Diſgrace me not: I'm *Marius*;
And ſurely *Marius* has ſmall right in thee.
Would *Sylla*'s Soul were thine, and thine were his,
That he, as thou haſt done, now Glory calls,
Might run for ſhelter to a Woman's Arms,
And hide him in her Boſom like a Babe,

Mar. jun. Then I'm a Coward.

Mar. ſen. Art thou not?

Mar. jun. I am,
That thus can bear Reproaches, and yet live.
Durſt any Man but you have call'd me ſo?
Oh let me fall, embrace and kiſs your Feet.
Y'have rais'd a Spirit in me prompts my Heart

To such a Work as Fame ne'r talk'd of yet.
How'll you dispose *Lavinia?*
Marius. sen. Let her fall,
As I would all her Family and Name,
Forgotten that they either ever gave
Thy Father's Head Dishonour, or thee Pain.
Mar. jun. 'Twas an unlucky Sentence. She's scarce more
Metellus's Daughter now than Your's: our Hands
Were by a Priest this Morning join'd. May Heav'n
Avert th'ill Omen, and preserve my Father.
Mar. sen. Marry'd? say ruin'd, lost and curst.
Mar. jun. Y'have torn
The Secret from me, and I wait your Doom.——
Mar. sen. Go where I never more may here thee nam'd;
Go fartherst from me, get thee to *Metellus*,
Fall on thy Knees, and henceforth call him Parent.
I've yet one Son, that surely won't forsake me:
Else in this Breast I still have glorious Thoughts,
That will at least give Lustre to my Ruine.
Farewel——my once best Hopes, now greatest Shame.
Mar. jun. Condemn me rather to the worst of Deaths,
Or send me chain'd to *Sylla* like a Slave,
Than banish me the blessing of your Presence.
I've thought and bounded all my Wishes so,
To die for you is Happiness enough;
'Twould be too much t'enjoy *Lavinia* too.
Mar. sen. Again *Lavinia?*
Mar. jun. Yes, this Coward Slave,
This most inglorious Son of *Caius Marius*,
Though wedded to the brightest Beauty, rais'd
To th'highest expectation of Delight,
Ev'n in this minute when Love prompts his Heart,
And tells what mighty Pleasures are preparing,
Is Master of a Mind unfetter'd yet.
Mar. sen. What can'st thou do?
Mar. jun. This Night I should have gone,
And ta'en possession of *Lavinia*'s Bed.
But by the Gods, these Eyes no more shall see her,
Till I've done something that's above Reward,
And you your self present her to my Arms.
Mar. sen. Why dost thou talk thus to me?
Mar. jun. Hark! [*Trumpets.*
The Trumpets sound, and business is at hand.
It seems as if our Guards upon the Walls
Were just engag'd, and *Sylla* come upon 'em.
The Gods have done me Justice.

Mar.

Mar. sen. Get thee gone,
And leave me to my Fate,
Thou maim'd and wounded, and unfit for War.
Mar. jun. I'll follow you.——
Mar. sen. Thou shalt not.
Mar. jun. By the Gods, I will.
Mar. sen. How? disobey'd then?
Mar. jun. Bid a Courser spur'd
Stop in his full Career; bid Tides run back,
Or sailing Ships stand still before the Wind,
Or Winds themselves not blow when *Jove* provokes 'em,
Mar. sen. Away, and do not tempt my Fury farther.
Mar. jun. Why? would you kill me?
Mar. sen. No, no: I hope thou art reserv'd yet for
A better Fate.
Mar. jun. Thanks, Heav'n.
These few kind words shew I'm not quite unhappy.
Mar. sen. Then do not contradict my Will in this;
But part, and when our Hands next meet agen,
Be't in the Heart of *Sylla* or *Metellus*—— [*Exit.*

[*Trumpets agen.*

Mar. jun. Sound higher, ye shrill Instruments of War,
And urge its Horrors up, till they become,
If possible, as terrible as mine.
Oh my *Lavinia*! though this Night I fall,
At my return I shall be doubly happy.
Such Trials the great ancient Hero's past,
Who little present Happiness could tast,
Yet did great Actions, and were Gods at last. [*Exit.*

SCENE Metellus's *House.*

Enter Lavinia.

Lavin. GAllop apace, ye fiery-footed Steeds,
Tow'rds *Phœbus*'s Lodging. Such a Charioteer
As *Phaeton* would lain you to the West,
And bring in cloudy Night immediately.
Spread thy close Curtains Love-performing Night
To sober-suited Matron all in black;
That jealous Eyes may wink, and *Marius*
Leap to these Arms unaskt of and unseen.
Oh! give me *Marius*, and when he shall die,

Take

Take him, and cut him out in little Stars,
And he will make the Face of Heaven ſo fine,
That all the World ſhall grow in love with Night,
And pay no worſhip to the gaudy Sun.
Oh! I have bought the Manſion of a Love,
But not poſſeſt it——Tedious is this Day,
As in the Night before ſome Feſtival
To an impatient Child that has new Robes,

Enter Nurſe and Clodius.

And may not wear 'em. Welcome, Nurſe: what News?
How fares the Lord of all my Joys, my *Marius*?

Nurſe. Oh! a Chair! a Chair! no Queſtions, but a Chair! So.

Lavin. Nay, prithee Nurſe, why doſt look ſo ſad?
Oh! do not ſpoil the Muſick of good Tidings
With ſuch a Melancholick wretched Face.

Nurſe. Oh! I am weary, very weary. *Clodius*, my Cordial-bottle.
Fie! how my Bones ake! what a Jaunt have I had!

Lavin. Do not delay me thus, but quickly tell me,
Will *Marius* come to Night? Speak, will he come?

Nurſe. Alas! alas! what haſte? oh! cannot you ſtay a little?
oh! do not you ſee that I'm out of breath? oh this Phthiſick!
Clodius the Cordial.

Lavin. Th' excuſe thou makſt for this unkind delay
Is longer than the Tale thou haſt to tell.
Is thy News good or bad? anſwer to that.
Say either, and I'll ſtay the Circumſtance.

Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple Choice: you know not how to chuſe a Man. Yet his Leg excels all Men's. And for a Hand and a Foot and a Shape, though they are not to be talk'd of--yet they are paſt compare. What, have you Din'd within?

Lavin. No, no: what fooliſh Queſtions doſt thou ask?
What ſays he of his coming? what of that?

Nurſe. Oh! how my Head akes! what a Head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o't'other ſide! ah! my Back! my Back!
Beſhrew your Heart for ſending me about
To catch my Death.——This Back of mine will break. [*Drinks.*

Lavin. Indeed I'm ſorry if thou art not well.
But prithee tell me, Nurſe, what ſays my Love?

Nurſe. Why, your Love ſays like an honeſt Gentleman, and a kind Gentleman, and a handſome——and I'll warrant a vertuous Gentleman. [*Drinks.*] Well——what? where's your Father?

Lavin. Where's my Father? why, he's at the Senate.
How odly thou reply'ſt?

Your

Your Love says like an honest Gentleman,
Where's your Father?
Nurse. Oh good Lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry come up, I trow.
Is this a Poultis for my aking Bones?
Henceforward do your Messages your self.
Lavin. Nay, prithee be not angry Nurse, I meant
No ill. Speak kindly, will my *Marius* come?
Nurse. Will he? will a Duck swim?
Lavin. Then he will come.
Nurse. Come? why, he will come upon all four, but he'll come.
Go, get you in, and say your Prayers: go.
Lavin. For Blessings on my *Marius* and Thee.
Nurse. Well, it would be a sad thing though——
Lavin. What?
Nurse. If *Marius* should not come now—for there's old doings at the Gates, they are at it ding dong. Tantarara go the Trumpets; Shout, cry the Soldiers; Clatter go the Swords. I'll warrant, I made no small haste.——
Lavin. And is my *Marius* there? alas my Fears! [*Trumpets.*
The Noise comes this way. Guard my Love, ye Gods,
Or strike me with your Thunder when he falls. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Forum.*

Enter Marius senior, Marius junior, Granius, Sulpitius, Catulus, *&c. Guards, Lictors, on one side:*

Metellus, Sylla, Quintus Pompeius, *Guards, on the other.*

[*Trumpets sound a march.*

Metell. OH thou God,
Deliverer of *Rome*, most blest of Men!
See here the Fathers of thy bleeding Country
Prostrate for Refuge at thy feet: see there
The Terror of our Freedom, and thy Foe,
The Persecutor of thy Friends, the Scourge
Of Truth and Justice, and the Plague of *Rome*.
Mar. sen. What art Thou that can'st lend thy slavish Ears
To flattering Hypocrisie?
Sylla. My Name thou hast heard,
And fled from. I am the Friend of *Rome*,
The Terror and the Bane of thee her Foe.

Mar.

Mar. sen. If th'art her Friend, why com'st thou here thus arm'd,
Slaughtering her Citizens, and laying waste her Walls?
Sylla. To free her from a Tyrant's Power.
Mar. sen. Who is that Tyrant?
Sylla. Thou, who hast opprest
Her Senate, made thy self by force a Consul,
Set free her Slaves, and arm'd 'em 'gainst her Laws.
Mar. sen. Hear this, ye *Romans*, and then judge my Wrongs.
Have I opprest you? have I forc'd your Laws?
Am I a Tyrant? I, whom ye have rais'd
For my true Services, to what I am?
Remember th' *Ambrons*, *Cimbri*, and the *Teutons*;
Remember the Confederate War.
Sylla. Where Thou,
Cold and delaying, wert by *Silo* brav'd,
Scorn'd by thy Soldiers, and at last compell'd
Ingloriously to quit th'unwieldy Charge.
Remember too who banish'd good *Metellus*,
The Friend and Parent of thy obscure Family,
That rais'd thee from a Peasant to a Lord.
Mar. sen. Basely thou wrong'st the Truth. My actions rais'd me.
Had'st thou been born a Peasant, still thou'dst been so:
But I by Service to thy Country've made
My Name renown'd in Peace, and fear'd in War.
Sylla. In the *Jugurthine* War, whose King was taken
Pris'ner by me, and *Marius* triumpht for't.
Mar. sen. Thou stol'st him basely, stol'st him at the price
Of his Wife's Lust: Thou barter'd'st his Betraying,
And in the Capitol hast Pageants set
In memory of thy Vanity and Shame.
Sylla. Thy Shame.
Mar. sen. My Honour, proud presumptuous Boy,
Who would'st be gaudy in an unfit Dress,
And wear my cast off Glories after me.
Sylla. I'd rather wear some Beggar's rotten Rags,
By him left dangling on a High-way Hedge,
Than soil my Laurels with a Leaf of thine,
Thou scorn'd Plebeian.
Mar. sen. Worst Perdition catch thee.
Sylla. Disband that Rout of Rebels at thy heels,
And yield thy self to Justice and the Senate.
Mar. sen. Justice from Thee demanded on my Head?
First clear thy self, quit thy usurp'd Command:
Approach and kneel to me, whom thou hast wrong'd.
Sylla. Upon thy Neck I would.
Mar. sen. As soon thou'dst take

A Lion

A Lion by the beard: thou dar'ſt not think on't.
Sylla. I dare, and more.
Mar. ſen. Then Gods, I take your word;
If there be truth in you, I ſhall not fall
This Day. My Friends and fellow-Soldiers, now,
Fight as I've ſeen you: For the Life of *Sylla*,
Leave it to me; for much Revenge muſt go
Along with Death when ſuch a Victim bleeds.
Syll. My Lords withdraw.
Metell. No, truſt the Gods, I'll ſee
My Country's Fate, and with her live or die.
Mar. ſen. Now, *Sylla.*
Sylla. Now, my Veterans, conſider
You fight for Laws, for Liberty, for Life.
Mar. ſen. Rebellion never wanted that pretence.
Thou ſhadow of what I have been, thou Puppet
Of that great State and Honours I have born,
If thou'lt do ſomething worthy of thy place,
Let's join our Battel with a force may glut
The Throat of Death, and choak him with himſelf;
As fiercely as deſtroying Whirlwinds riſe,
Or as Clouds daſh when Thunder ſhakes the Skies.
[*Trumpets ſound a Charge: They fight.*

Re-enter Marius ſenior, *taken by* Sylla's *Party.*

Mar. ſen. Forſaken, and a Priſ'ner? Is this all
That's left of *Marius?* The old, naked Trunk
Of that tall Pine that was? Away, ye Shrubs,
Ye clinging Brambles; do not clog me thus,
But let me run into the Jaws of Death,
And finiſh my ill Fate. Or muſt I be
Preſerv'd a publick Spectacle, expos'd
To Scorn, and make a Holyday for Slaves?
Oh! that Thought's Hell. Sure I ſhould know thy Face.
Thou haſt born Office under me. If e'er
In my beſt Fortune I deſerv'd thy Friendſhip,
Give me a *Roman*'s Death, and ſet me free,
That no Diſhonour in my Age o'ertake me.
Officer. I've ſerv'd and lov'd you well: nor would I ſee
Your Fall——My Orders were, to ſave your Life.
Mar. ſen. Thou'rt a Time-ſerver, that can'ſt flatter Miſery.

Enter Marius junior, Granius, *and* Sulpitius, *Priſoners.*

My Sons in Bonds too, and *Sulpitius?*

Sulpit. Yes, the Rat-catchers have trapp'd me. Now must I
Be food for Crows, and ſtink upon a Tree,
Whilſt Coxcombs ſtrowl abroad on Holydays,
To take the Air, and ſee me rot. A pox
On Fortune, and a pox on that firſt Fool
That taught the World Ambition.

Enter Quint. Pompeius. *four Lictors before him.*

Q. Pomp. Draw near,
Ye Men of *Rome*, and hear the Law pronounc'd.
Thou *Marius*, whoſe Ambition and whoſe Pride
Haſt coſt ſo many Lives, the firſt that e'er
Wag'd Civil Wars in *Rome*, Thee and thy Sons,
Thy Family and Kin, with that vile Slave
And Miniſter of all thy Outrages,
The curs'd *Sulpitius*, Baniſhment's thy Lot;
After to morrow's Dawn if found i'th' City,
Death be thy Doom: ſo hath the Senate ſaid.
So flouriſh Peace and Liberty in *Rome*.

[*Exit* Quint. Pompeius, *Lictors crying Liberty.*

Mar. ſen. I thank ye, Gods, upon my Knees I thank ye,
For plaguing me above all other Men.
Come, ye young Heroes, kneel and praiſe the Heav'ns,
For crowning thus your youthful Hopes. Ha, ha, ha!
What pleaſant Game hath Fortune play'd to day?
Oh! I could burſt with Laughter. Why, now *Rome*'s
At Peace. But may it be as ſhort and vain
As Joys but dreamt of, or as ſick Men's Slumbers.
Now let's take hands, and bending to the Earth,
To all th'Infernal Powers let us ſwear.

All. We ſwear.

Mar. ſen. That's well: By the Deſtinies,
By all the Furies, and the Fiends that wait
About the Throne of Hell, and by Hell's King,
We'll bring Deſtruction to this curſed City;
Let not one Stone of all her Towers ſtand ſafe.

Mar. jun. Let not her Temples nor her Gods eſcape.

Gran. Let Husbands in their Wives Embraces periſh.

Mar. ſen. Her young Men maſſacred.

Sulpit. Her Virgins raviſh'd.

Mar. jun. And let her Lovers all my Torments feel,
Doating like me, and like me baniſhed.
Thus let 'em Curſe, thus raving tear their Hair.
And fall upon the ground as I do now.

Mar.

Mar. ſen. Riſe then, and to *Lavinia* go. This Night's
Thy own.
Mar. jun. And ever after Pain and Sorrow,
But go thou, find *Lavinia*'s Woman out——— [*To his Servant.*
Tell her I'll come, and bid her chear my Love,
For I'll not fail, but in this Night enjoy
Whole Life, and forgive Nature what's to come.
Mar. ſen. Thus then let's part; each take his ſeveral way,
As to a Task of Darkneſs: when we meet
In hated Exile, we'll compute Accompts,
And ſee what Miſchief each has gathered then.
For, *Rome*, I ſhall be yet once more thy Lord,
If Oracles have truth, and Augurs lye not.
For yet a Child, and in my Father's Fields
Playing, I ſeven young Eagles chanc'd to find;
Which gathering up I to my Parents bore.
The Gods were ſought, who promis'd me from thence
As many times the Conſulate of *Rome*.
Six times already I've that Office bore,
And ſo far has the Prophecy prov'd true.
But if I've manag'd ill the time that's paſt,
And too remiſs ſix-elder Fortunes loſt,
The youngeſt Darling-Fate is yet to come,
And Thou ſhalt feel me then, ungrateful *Rome*. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT. IV.

SCENE *the Garden.*

Enter Lavinia *and* Marius junior.

Lavin. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near Day.
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thy Ear.
Nightly on yon Pomegranate-tree ſhe ſings.
Believe me, Love, it was the Nightingale.
Mar. jun. Oh! 'twas the Lark, the Herald of the Morn,
No Nightingale. Look, Love, what envious Streaks
Of Light embroider all the cloudy Eaſt.
Night's Candles are burnt out, and jocund Day
Upon the Mountain-tops ſits gaily dreſt,
Whilſt all the Birds bring Muſick to his Levy.
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die——
Lavin. Oh! oh! what wretched Fortune is my lot!
Sure, giving Thee, Heav'n grew too far in Debt
To pay, till Bankrupt-like it broke; whilſt I,
A poor compounding Creditor, am forc'd
To take a Mite for endleſs Summs of Joy.
Mar. jun. Let me be taken, let me ſuffer Death,
I am content, ſo Thou wilt have it ſo——
By Heaven, yon gray is not the Morning's eye,
But the reflection of pale *Cynthia*'s Brightneſs,
Nor is't the Lark we hear, whoſe Notes do beat
So high, and eccho in the Vault of Heaven.
I'm all deſire to ſtay, no will to go.
How is't, my Soul? let's talk: it is not Day.
Lavin. Oh! it is, it is——Fly hence away, my *Marius*,
It is the Lark, and out of tune ſhe ſings,
With grating Diſcords and unpleaſing Strainings.
Some ſay the Lark and loathſome Toad change Eyes:
Now I could wiſh they had chang'd Voices too;
Or that a Lethargy had ſeiz'd the Morning,
And ſhe had ſlept, and never wak'd again,
To part me from th' Embraces of my Love.
What ſhall become of me, when thou art gone?
Mar. jun. The Gods that heard our Vows, and know our Loves,
Seeing

Seeing my Faith, and thy unſpotted Truth,
Will ſure take care, and let no Wrongs annoy thee.
Upon my Knees I'll ask 'em every Day,
How my *Lavinia* does: And every Night,
In the ſevere Diſtreſſes of my Fate,
As I perhaps ſhall wander through the Deſart,
And want a place to reſt my weary Head on,
I'll count the Stars, and bleſs 'em as they ſhine,
And court 'em all for my *Lavinia*'s ſafety.

Lavin. Oh Baniſhment, eternal Baniſhment!
Ne'er to return! muſt we ne'er meet agen?
My Heart will break, I cannot think that Thought
And live. Cou'd I but ſee to th' end of Woe,
There were ſome Comfort——but eternal Torment
Is even inſupportable to thought.
It cannot be that we ſhall part for ever.

Mar. jun. No, for my Baniſhment may be recall'd;
My Father once more hold a Pow'r in *Rome*:
Then ſhall I boldly claim *Lavinia* mine,
Whilſt happieſt Men ſhall envy at the Bleſſing,
And Poets write the Wonders of our Loves.

Lavin. If by my Father's Cruelty I'm forc'd,
When left alone to yield to *Sylla*'s Claim,
Defenceleſs as I am, and thou far from me,
If, as I muſt, I rather die than ſuffer't,
What a ſad Tale will that be when 'tis told thee?
I know not what to fear, or hope, or think,
Or ſay, or do. I cannot let thee go.

Mar. jun. A Thouſand things would, to this purpoſe ſaid,
But ſharpen and add weight to Sorrow.
Oh my *Lavinia!* if my Heart e'er ſtray,—— [*Kneels.*
Or any other Beauty ever charm me,
If I live not entirely only thine,
In that curſt moment when my Soul forſakes thee,
May I be hither brought a Captive bound,
T'adorn the Triumph of my baſeſt Foe.

Lavin. And if I live not faithful to the Lord
Of my firſt Vows, my deareſt only *Marius*,
May I be brought to Poverty and Scorn,
Hooted by Slaves forth from thy Gates, O *Rome*,
Till flying to the Woods t'avoid my Shame,
Sharp Hunger, Cold, or ſome worſe Fate deſtroy me;
And not one Tree vouchſafe a Leaf to hide me.

Mar. jun. What needs all this?——

Lavin. Oh! I could find out things
To talk to thee for ever.

Mar.

Mar. jun. Weep not; the time
We had to ſtay together has been employ'd
In richeſt Love———
Lavin. We ought to ſummon all
The ſpirit of ſoft Paſſion up, to chear
Our Hearts thus lab'ring with the pangs of Parting.
Oh my poor *Marius!*
Mar. jun. Ah my kind *Lavinia!*
Lavin. But doſt thou think we e'er ſhall meet agen?
Mar. jun. I doubt it not, and all theſe Woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet Diſcourſes in our time to come.
Lavin. Alas! I have an ill-divining Soul;
Methinks I ſee thee, now thou'rt from my Arms,
Like a ſtark Ghoſt, with Horror in thy Viſage.
Either my Eye-ſight fails, or thou look'ſt pale.
Mar. jun. And truſt me, Love, in my Eye ſo doſt Thou.
Dry Sorrow drinks our Blood———Farewel.
Lavin. Farewel then. [*Exit* Mar. jun.
Nurſe within. Madam.
Lavin. My Nurſe.
Nurſe within. Your Father's up, and Day-light broke abroad.
Be wary, look about you———
Lavin. Hah! is he gone? My Lord, my Husband, Friend,
I muſt hear from thee every Hour i'th' Day:
For abſent Minutes ſeem as many Days.
Oh! by this reck'ning I ſhall be moſt old,
E'er I agen behold my *Marius.* Nay,
Gone too already! 'Twas unkindly done,
I had not yet imparted half my Soul,
Not a third part of its fond jealous Fears:
But I'll purſue him for't, and be reveng'd;
Hang ſuch a tender Tale about his Heart,
Shall make it tingle as his Life were ſtung:
Nay too——I'll love him; never, never leave him;
Fond as a Child, and reſolute as Man. [*Exit* Lavin.

Enter Metellus *muſing.*

Metell. Sylla this Morning parts from hence to *Capua*,
To head that Army. *Cinna* muſt be Conſul——
Ay, *Cinna* muſt be. He's a bulie Fellow,
Knows how to tell a Story to the Rabble,
Hates *Marius* too: that, that's the deareſt point.
I hope the Snares for *Marius* laid may take him.
A hundred Horſe are in purſuit to find him:
And if they catch him, his Head's ſafe, that's certain.

Octavius

Octavius will be the other——be it ſo,
An honeſt, ſimple, downright dealing Lord;
A little too Religious, that's his fault.

Enter a Servant.

What now?

Servant. A Letter left you by a Lictor,
Who told us that it came from the Lord *Sylla*.

Metellus reads the Letter.

BLame not, Sir, my parting
So ſuddenly: juſt now I've had advice
Of ſome diſturbance in the Camp at Capua.
Commend my tender'ſt Faith to fair Lavinia.
You're Sylla's *Advocate with her and* Rome.

Enter Nurſe.

Well, Nurſe.

Nurſe. My Lord.

Metell. How does my Daughter?

Nurſe. Truly very ill:
She has not ſlept a wink:
Nothing but toſs'd and tumbled all this Night;
I left her juſt now ſlumbring.
This Lord *Sylla* does ſo run in her Head.

Metell. Oh! were he in her Heart, Nurſe!

Nurſe. Were he?
Why, ſhe thinks of nothing elſe; talks of nothing elſe, dreams of nothing elſe. She would needs have me lie with her t'other Night. But about Midnight (I'll ſwear it wak'd me out of a ſweet Nap) ſhe takes me faſt in her Arms, and cries, Oh my Lord *Sylla*; but are you, will you be true? Then ſigh'd, and ſo ſtretch'd—I ſwear I was half afraid.

Metell. She's ſtrangely alter'd then.
This Morning two new Conſuls muſt be choſen.
If they are true, thoſe tidings thou haſt brought me,
Wait while ſhe wakes, and tell her 'tis my Pleaſure,
At my return from th' *Forum* that I ſee her—— [*Exit* Metell.

Nurſe. So, ſo;——here will be ſweet doings in time. How many hundred lyes a day muſt I tell, to keep this Family at Peace?

Enter Lavinia.

Lavin. Oh Nurſe! Where art thou? Is my Father gone?

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Gone? Yes; and would I were gone too.

Lavin. Why doſt thou ſigh? What cauſe haſt thou to wiſh ſo?
Wert thou diſtreſt, unfortunate as I am,
Thou hadſt then cauſe.
What ſhall I do? Oh, how alone am I!
I walk methinks as half of me were loſt:
Yet, like a maim'd Bird, flutter, flutter on,
And fain wou'd find a Hole to hide my Head in.

Nurſe. 'Odds my Boddikins! but why thus dreſt, Madam?
Why in this pickle, ſay you now?

Lavin. Seem not to wonder, nor dare to oppoſe me,
For I am deſperate, and reſolv'd to Death,
In this unhappy, wayward, humble Dreſs,
After my Love a Pilgrimage I'll take,
Forſake deſerted *Rome*, and find my *Marius*.

Nurſe. And I muſt ſtay behind to be hang'd up, like an old Pole-Cat in a Warren, for a warning to all Vermine, that ſhall come after me. Would I were fairly dead for a Week, till this were over.

Lavin. This Morning's opportunity is fair,
When all are buſie in electing Conſuls;
I ſhall eſcape unſeen without the Gates,
And this Night in a Litter reach *Solonium*.

Nurſe. I care not; I'll have nothing to do in't. You ſha'n't ſtir. Nay, I'll raiſe the Houſe firſt. Why *Clodius! Catulus! Sempronia! Thesbia!* Men and Maids, where are you? Oh! oh! oh!

{Lav. *gets from her.* *Nurſe* {*falls down.* [*Exit* Lavinia.

Enter Clodius.

Clod. What's the matter, Miſtreſs?

Nurſe. Oh *Clody*, *Clody*, dear *Clody!* is't thee, my dear *Clody?* Help me, help me up. Run to my Lord to the *Forum* preſently: tell him his Treaſury is robb'd, his Houſe a-fire, his Daughter dead, and I mad. Run, run. You'll not run. Oh! oh! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Country.*

Enter ſeveral Herdſmen belonging to Marius.

1 *Herdſ.* GOod morrow, Brother, you have heard the News.

2. *Herdſ.* News, quoth a? Trim News truly.

1 *Herdſ.*

1. *Herdſ.* Why, they ſay our Lord and Maſter's ſtept a one ſide. Is there any thing in't trow?

2. *Herdſ.* Any thing in't? alas a day! alas a day! ſad times! ſad times Brother! not a peny of Money ſtirring.

1. *Herdſ.* Nay, I thought there was no good weather towards, when my bald-fac'd Heifer ſtuck up her Tail Eaſtward, and ran back into a new Quick-ſet, which I had juſt made to keep the Swine from the Beans.

2. *Herdſ.* And t'other night, as I was at Supper, in the Chimny-corner, a whole Family of Swallows, that had occupy'd the Tenement theſe ſeven years, fell down, Neſt and all, into the Porridge-pot, and ſpoil'd the Broath. Sad times! ſad times, Brother!

3. *Herdſ.* Did you meet no Troupers this way?

2. *Herdſ.* Troupers? I ſaw a parcel of Raggooners, I think they call 'em, trotting along yon Wood ſide upon ragged Hide-bound Jades. I warrant they came for no goodneſs.——

1. *Herdſ.* 'Twas to ſeek for Lord *Marius*, as ſure as Eggs be Eggs, Theſe Bitious folk make more ſtir in the World than a thouſand men. Would my Kine were all in their Stalls.

Enter ſeveral Soldiers in queſt of Marius.

1. *Sold.* This is the way. How now, you pack of Boobies? whoſe Fools are you?

2. *Herdſ.* Why, we are ſuch Fools as you are; any bodies Fools that will pay us our Wages.

2. *Sold.* Do you belong to the Traitor, *Marius*?

1. *Herdſ.* We belong to *Caius Marius*, an't like your Worſhip.

1. *Sold.* Why, this is a civil fellow. But you, Rogue, you are witty and be hang'd, are you?

2. *Herdſ.* I's poor enough to be witty, as you're poor enough to be valiant. Had I but Money enough, I'd no more be a Wit than you'd be a Soldier.

2. *Sold.* Let the hungry Churl alone.

1. *Sold.* Hark you, you Dog; where's your Lord, the Traitor *Marius*?

2. *Herdſ.* In a whole Skin, if he be wiſe.——

2. *Sold.* Where is he, you Pultroon?

2. *Herdſ.* Look you, I keep his Cows and his Oxen here at *Salonium*, but I keep none of him. If you muſt needs know where he is, then I muſt needs tell you I don't know.

1. *Sold.* Let's to his Houſe hard by, and ranſack that. Sirrah, if we miſs of him, you may repent this. [*Ex. Soldiers.*

1. *Herdſ.* 'Tis all one to me, I muſt pay my Rent to ſome body.

2. *Herdſ.* Why, this 'tis now to be a great Man. Heav'n keep me a Cow-keeper ſtill—I ſay——

Enter Marius ſenior *and* Granius.

Mar. ſen. Where are we? Are ye not near *Salonium?*
Lead me to yonder ſhady Poplar, where
The poor old *Marius* a while may ſit,
And joy in Reſt. Oh my diſtemper'd Head!
The Sun has beat his Beams ſo hard upon me,
That my Brain's hot as molten Gold. My Skull!
Oh my tormented Skull! Oh *Rome! Rome! Rome!*
Hah! what are thoſe?

Gran. They ſeem, Sir, Rural Swains,
Who tend the Herds that graze beneath theſe Woods.

Mar. ſen. Who are you? to what Lord do ye belong?

2. *Herdſ.* We did belong to *Caius Marius* once: but they ſay he's gone a Journey: and now we belong to one another.

Mar. ſen. Have ye forgot me then? ungrateful Slaves!
Are you ſo willing to diſown your Maſter?
Who would have thought t' have found ſuch Baſeneſs here,
Where Innocence ſeems ſeated by the Gods,
As in her Virgin-naked[illegible]s untainted?
Confuſion on ye, ye ſordid Earthlings. [*Ex. all but one*

1. *Herdſ.* Oh fly, my Lord, your Foes are thick abroad.
Juſt now a Troop of Murtherers paſt this way,
And ask'd with horror for the Traitor *Marius.*
By this time at *Salonium*, at your Houſe,
They are in ſearch of you. Fly, fly, my Lord ——— [*Exit.*

Mar. ſen. I ſhall be hounded up and down the World,
Now every Villain, that is wretch enough
To take the price of Blood, dreams of my Throat.
Help and ſupport me till I reach the Wood,
Then go and find thy wretched Brother out.
Aſunder we may dodge our Fate, and loſe her.
In ſome old hollow Tree or o'ergrown Brake
I'd reſt my wearly Limbs till danger paſs me. [*Goes into the Wood.*

Enter Soldiers again.

1 *Sold.* A thouſand Crowns? 'tis a Reward might buy
As many Lives, for they are cheap in *Rome*;
And 'tis too much for one.

2. *Sold.* Let's ſet this Wood
A flaming, if you think he's here, and then
Quickly you'll ſee th'old Droan crawl humming out.

1. *Sold.* Thou always lov'ſt to ride full ſpeed to miſchief. There's no conſideration in thee. Look you, when I cut a Throat, I love

to

to do it with as much Deliberation and Decency as a Barber cuts a Beard. I hate a ſlovenly Murther done hand over head: a Man gets no credit by it.

3. *Sold.* The Man that ſpoke laſt, ſpoke well. Therefore let us to yon adjacent Village, and ſowce our ſelves in good *Fralernium*—

[*Ex. Soldiers.*

Mar. ſen. O Villains! not a Slave of thoſe
But has ſerv'd under me, has eat my Bread,
And felt my Bounty———Drought! parching Drought!
Was ever Lion thus by Dogs emboſs'd?
Oh! I could ſwallow Rivers: Earth yield me Water;
Or ſwallow *Marius* down where Springs firſt flow.

Enter Marius junior, *and* Granius.

Mar. jun. My Father!
Mar. ſen. Oh my Sons!
Mar. jun. Why thus forlorn! ſtretch'd on the Earth?
Mar. ſen. Oh! get me ſome refreſhment, cooling Herbs,
And Water to allay my ravenous Thirſt.
I would not trouble you if I had ſtrength;
But I'm ſo faint that all my Limbs are uſeleſs.
Now have I not one *Drachma* to buy Food,
Muſt we then ſtarve? No, ſure the Birds will feed us.
Mar. jun. There ſtands a Houſe on yonder ſide o'th' Wood,
't ſeems the Manſion of ſome Man of Note:
I'll go and turn a Beggar for my Father.
Mar. ſen. Oh my Soul's comfort! do. Indeed I want it.
I, who had once the plenty of the Earth,
Now want a Root and Water. Go, my Boy,
And ſee who'll give a Morſel to poor *Marius*.
Nay, I'll not ſtarve: No, I will plunge in Riot,
Wallow in Plenty. Drink? I'll drink, I'll drink.
Give me that Goblet hither.——Here's a Health
To all the Knaves and Senators in *Rome*.
Mar. jun. Repoſe your ſelf a while, till we return.
Mar. ſen. I will, but prethee let me rave a little.
Go, prethee go, and don't delay. I'll reſt;
As thou ſhalt, *Rome*, if e'er my Fortune raiſe me—[*Ex.* Mar. jun.

Enter Lavinia.

Another Murth'rer? this brings ſmiling Fate:
A deadly Snake cloath'd in a dainty Skin.
Lavin. I've wandred up and down theſe Woods and Meadows,
Till I have loſt my way.——

Againſt a tall, young, ſlender, well grown Oak
Leaning, I found *Lavinia* in the Bark.
My *Marius* ſhould not be far hence.
Mar. ſen. What art thou,
That dar'ſt to name that wretched Creature *Marius*?
Lavin. Do not be angry, Sir, what e'er thou art;
I am a poor unhappy Woman, driven
By Fortune to purſue my baniſh'd Lord.
Mar. ſen. By thy diſſembling Tone thou ſhould'ſt be Woman,
And *Roman* too.
Lavin. Indeed I am.
Mar. ſen. A *Roman*?
If thou art ſo, be gone, leſt Rage with Strength
Aſſiſt my Vengeance, and I'll riſe and kill thee.
Lavin. My Father, is it you?
Mar. ſen. Now thou art Woman;
For Lies are in thee. I? am I thy Father?
I ne'er was yet ſo curſt; none of thy Sex
E'er ſprung from me. My Off-ſpring all are Males,
The nobler ſort of Beaſts entit'led men.
Lavin. I am your Daughter, if your Son's my Lord.
Have you ne'er heard *Lavinia*'s name in *Rome*,
That wedded with the Son of *Marius*?
Mar. ſen. Hah!
Art thou that fond, that kind and doting thing,
That left her Father for a baniſht Husband?
Come near ——
And let me bleſs thee, though thy Name's my Foe.
Lavin. Alas, my Father, you ſeem much oppreſt:
Your Lips are parcht, blood-ſhot your Eyes and ſunk.
Will you partake ſuch Fruits as I have gather'd?
Taſte, Sir, this Peach, and this Pomegranate; both are
Ripe and refreſhing.
Mar. ſen. What? all this from Thee,
Thou Angel, whom the Gods have ſent to aid me?
I don't deſerve thy Bounty.
Lavin. Here, Sir's more.
I found a Chryſtal Spring too in the Wood,
And took ſome Water; 'tis moſt ſoft and cool.
Mar. ſen. An Emperor's Feaſt! but I ſhall rob thee.
Lavin. No, I've eat, and ſlack'd my Thirſt. But where's my Lord,
My deareſt *Marius*?
Mar. ſen. To th' Neighbouring Village
He's gone, to beg his Father's Dinner, Daughter.
Lavin. Will you then call me Daughter? will you own it?
I'm much o'er-paid for all the Wrongs of Fortune.

But ſurely *Marius* can't be brought to want.
I've Gold and Jewels too, and they'll buy Food.

Enter Marius junior.

Mar. ſen. See here, my *Marius*, what the Gods have ſent us.
See thy *Lavinia*.
Mar. jun. Hah! [*They run and Embrace.*
Mar. ſen. What? dumb at meeting?
Mar. jun. Why weeps my Love?
Lavin. I cannot ſpeak, Tears ſo obſtruct my Words,
And choak me with unutterable Joy.
Mar. jun. Oh my Hearts Joy!
Lavin. My Soul!
Mar. jun. But haſt thou left
Thy Father's Houſe, the Pomp and State of *Rome*,
To follow Deſart-Miſery?
Lavin. I come.
To bear a part in every thing that's thine,
Be't Happineſs or Sorrow. In theſe Woods,
Whilſt from purſuing Enemies you're ſafe,
I'll range about, and find the Fruits and Springs,
Gather cool Sedges, Daffadils and Lilies,
And ſofteſt Camomil to make us Beds,
Whereon my Love and I at night will ſleep,
And dream of better Fortune.

Enter Granius *and Servant with Wine and Meat.*

Mar. ſen. Yet more Plenty?
Sure *Comus*, the God of Feaſting, haunts theſe Woods,
And means to entertain us as his Gueſts.
Servant. I am ſent hither, *Marius*, from my Lord,
Sextilius the Prætor, to relieve thee.
And warn thee that thou ſtrait depart this place,
Elſe he the Senate's Edict muſt obey,
And treat thee as the Foe of *Rome*.
Mar. ſen. But did he,
Did he, *Sextilius*, bid thee ſay all this?
Was he too proud to come and ſee his Maſter,
That rais'd him out of nothing? Was he not
My menial Servant once, and wip'd theſe Shooes,
Ran by my Chariot-wheels, my pleaſures watcht,
And fed upon the Voidings of my Table?
Durſt he affront me with a ſordid Alms?
And ſend a ſaucy Meſſage by a Slave?

Hence

Hence with thy Scraps: back to thy Teeth I dash 'em,
Be gone whilst thou art safe. Hold, stay a little.
Serv. What Answer would you have me carry back?
Mar. sen. Go to *Sextilius*, tell him thou hast seen
Poor *Caius Marius* banish'd from his Country,
Sitting in Sorrow on the naked Earth,
Amidst an ample Fortune once his own,
Where now he cannot claim a Turf to sleep on. [*Exit Servant.*
How am I fallen! Musick? Sure, the Gods [*Soft Musick.*
Are mad, or have design'd to make me so.

Enter Martha.

Well, what art Thou?
Marth. Am I a Stranger to thee?
Martha's my name, the *Syrian* Propheteſs,
That us'd to wait upon thee with good Fortune;
Till banish'd out of *Rome* for serving Thee.
I've ever since inhabited these Woods,
And search'd the deepest Arts of wise Foreknowledge.
Mar. sen. I know thee now most well. When thou wert gone,
All my good Fortune left me. My lov'd Vultures,
That us'd to hover o'er my happy Head,
And promise Honour in the Day of Battel,
Have since been seen no more. Ev'n Birds of Prey
Pursue him still. Hast thou no Hopes in store?
Marth. A hundred Spirits wait upon my will,
To bring me Tidings, from th'Earth's farthest Corners,
Of all that happens out in States and Councils:
I tell thee therefore, *Rome* is once more thine.
The Consuls have had Blows, and *Cinna's* beaten,
Who with his Army comes to find thee out,
To lead him back with Terror to that City.
Mar. sen. Speak on.
Marth. Nay, e'er thou think'st it he will be with thee.
But let thy Sons, and these fair Nymphs retire,
Whilst I relieve thy wearied Eyes with Sleep,
And chear thee in a Dream with promis'd Fate.
Mar. jun. Come, my *Lavinia*, *Granius*, we'll withdraw
To some cool Shade, and wonder at our Fortune. [*Exit.*

Martha *waves her Wand*——— [*A Dance.*

Mar. sen. O Rest, thou Stranger to my Senses, welcome.

Enter

Enter Servant and Ruffian.

Serv. Ten *Attick* Talents ſhall be thy Reward,
Sextilius gives 'em thee. Diſpatch him ſafely.
Ruff. Fear not, he never wakes agen.
Mar. ſen. No more;
I'll hear no more. *Metellus* live? No, no;
He dies, he dies. So bear him to the *Tiber*,
And plunge him to the bottom. Hah, *Antonius!*
Where are my Guards? Diſpatch that talking Knave,
That when he ſhould be doing publick Service,
Conſumes his time in Speeches to the Rabble,
And ſows Sedition in a City. Down,
Down with *Pompeius* too, that call'd me Traitor,
Hah! art thou there? Welcome once more, old *Marius*,
To *Rome*'s Tribunal.
Ruff. Now's the time.
Mar. ſen. Stand off.
Secure that *Gaul* — Dar'ſt thou kill *Caius Marius*? [*Wakes.*
Hah! ſpeak? What art thou?
Ruff. By *Sextilius* hired
I hither came to take your Life. Spare mine,
And I'll for ever ſerve you at your feet.
Mar. ſen. What barb'rous Slaves are theſe, that envy me
The open Air; ſet Prices on my Head,
As they would do on Wolves that ſlay their Flock!

Enter Sulpitius. [*Trumpets.*

Trumpets! *Sulpitius*, where haſt thou been wand'ring
Since the late Storm that drove us from each other?
Sulpit. Why, doing Miſchief up and down the City,
Picking up diſcontented Fools, belying
The Senators and Government, deſtroying
Faith amongſt honeſt Men, and praiſing Knaves.
Mar. ſen. Oh, but where's *Cinna?*
Sulp. Ready to ſalute you——

Enter Cinna *attended with Lictors and Guards,*

Cinn. Romans, once more behold your Conſul; ſee,
Is that a Fortune fit for *Caius Marius*?
Advance your Axes and your Rods before him,
And give him all the Cuſtoms of his Honour.
Mar. ſen. Away; ſuch Pomp becomes not wretched *Marius*.

Here

Here let me pay Obedience to my Consul.
Lead me great *Cinna*, where thy Foes have wrong'd thee,
And see how thy old Soldier will obey.
Cinn. O *Marius*, be our Hearts united ever,
To carry Desolation into *Rome*,
And waste that Den of Monsters to the Earth.
Mar. sen. Shall we?
Cinn. We'll do't. That godly Soothsaying Fool,
That sacrificing Dolt, that Sot *Octavius*,
When we were chosen Consuls in the *Forum*,
Disown'd me for his Collegue; said, the Gods
Had told him I design'd Tyrannick Pow'r;
Provok'd the Citizens, who took up Arms,
And drove me forth the Gates.
Mar. sen. Excellent Mischief!
What's to be done?
Cinn. No sooner was I gone,
But a large part of that great City follow'd me.
There's not an honest Spirit left in *Rome*,
That does not own my Cause, and wish for *Marius*.
Mar. sen. Bring me my Horse, my Armour, and the Laurel
With which, when I'd o'ercome three barb'rous Nations,
I enter'd crown'd with Triumph into *Rome*.
I go to free her now from greater Mischiefs.

Enter Marius junior *and* Granius.

O my young Warriour!
Mar. jun. Curst be the Light,
And ever curst be all these Regions round us.
Lavinia's lost, born back with force to *Rome*,
By Ruffians headed by her Father's Kinsmen;
And like a Coward too I live, yet saw it. [*Exit.*
Mar. sen. Oh *Marius! Marius!* let not plants come from thee,
Nor cloud the Joy that's breaking on thy Father.
If she be back in *Rome*, *Lavinia*'s thine.
To morrow's Dawn restores her to thy Arms.
For that fair Mistress Fortune, which has cost
So dear, for which such Hardships I have past,
Is coy no more, but crowns my Hopes at last.
I long t'embrace her, nay, 'tis Death to stay.
I'm mad as promis'd Bridegrooms, born away
With thoughts of nothing but the joyful day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, Metellus's *Houſe*.

Enter Metellus, Lavinia, *Prieſt of* Hymen.

Lavin. NAy, you have catcht me; you may kill me too:
But with my Cries I'll rend the echoing Heav'ns,
Till all the Gods are witneſs how you uſe me.
Metell. What? like a Vagrant fly thy Father's Houſe?
And follow fulſomely an exil'd Slave,
Diſdain'd by all the World? But abject Thou,
Reſolve to go, or bound be ſent to *Sylla*,
With as Much Scorn as thou haſt done me Shame.
Lavin. Do, bind me, kill me, rack theſe Limbs: I'll bear it.
But, Sir, conſider ſtill I am your Daughter;
And one hour's Converſe with this Holy Man
May teach me to repent, and ſhew Obedience.
Metell. Think not t'evade me by protracting time:
For if thou doſt not, may the Gods forſake me,
As I will thee, if thou eſcape my Fury——— [*Exit* Metell.
Lavin. Oh! bid me leap (rather than go to *Sylla*)
From off the Battlements of any Tow'r,
Or walk in Thieviſh ways, or bid me lurk
Where Serpents are: Chain me with roaring Bears;
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel-houſe
O'er-cover'd quite with dead Mens rattling Bones,
With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapleſs Sculls:
Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,
And hide me with a dead Man in his Shrowd:
Things that to hear but told have made me tremble:
And I'll go through it without fear or doubting,
To keep my Vows unſpotted to my Love———
Prieſt. Take here this Vial then, and in this moment
Drink it, when ſtreight through all thy Veins ſhall run
A cold and drowſie Humour more than Sleep:
And in Death's borrow'd likeneſs ſhalt thou lie
Two Summer Days, then wake as from a Slumber.
Till *Marius* by my Letters know what's paſt,
And come by ſtealth to *Rome*.
Lavin. Give me; Oh! give me: tell me not of Fears.
Prieſt. Farewell: be bold and proſp'rous. [*Exit.*
Lavin. Oh! farewel———
Heaven knows if ever we ſhall meet agen.
I have a faint cold Fear thrills through my Veins,

That almoſt freezes up the heat of Life.
I'll call him back agen to comfort me.
Stay, Holy Man. But what ſhould he do here?
My diſmal Scene 'tis fit I act alone.
What if this Mixture do not work at all?
Shall I to morrow then be ſent to *Sylla?*
No, no,——this ſhall forbid it; lie thou there—— { *Lays down the Dagger.*
Or how, if, when I'm laid into the Tomb,
I wake before the time that *Marius* come
To my Relief? There, there's a fearful Point.
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the Vault,
Where for theſe many hundred Years the Bones
Of all my bury'd Anceſtors are pack'd?
Where, as they ſay, Ghoſts at ſome Hours reſort,
With Mandrakes ſhreeks torn from the Earth's dark Womb,
That living Mortals hearing them run mad?
Or if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtracted,
Inviron'd round with all theſe hideous Fears,
And madly play with my Fore-fathers Joints;
Then in this Rage with ſome great Kinſman's Bones,
As with a Club, daſh out my deſp'rate Brains!
What? *Sylla?* get thee gone, thou meager Lover:
My Senſe abhors thee. Don't diſturb my Draught;
'Tis to my Lord. [*Drinks.*] Oh *Marius! Marius! Marius!*
[*Exit.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE.

Cinna's *Camp before the Walls of* Rome.

[Trumpet ſound a General.

Enter Cinna, Marius ſenior, *and* Sulpitius, Granius, *Two Embaſſadors, Guards.*

Cinn. EMbaſſadors from *Rome?* How many Slaves,
Traitors, and Tyrants, Villains, was I call'd
But yeſterday? yet now their Conſul *Cinna.*
Oh! what an excellent Maſter is an Army,
To teach Rebellious Cities Manners! Say,
My Friend and Colleague *Marius*, ſhall we hear 'em?
Mar. ſen. Whom?
Cinn. The Embaſſadors.
Mar. ſen. From whence?
Cinn. From *Rome.*
Mar. ſen. My loving Country-men? they muſt be heard,
Or *Sylla* will be angry———
Cinn. In what ſtate
And Pageantry the ſolid Lumps move on?
And though they come to beg, will be attended
With their ill order'd Pomp and awkard Pride.
Who are ye? and from whence?
1 *Emb.* From wretched *Rome.*
To thee, moſt mighty *Cinna*, and to thee,
Moſt dread Lord *Marius*, in her name we bow.
Cinn. What's your Demand?
1 *Emb.* Hear but our humble Prayers,
And all Demands be made by God-like *Cinna.*
Whither, oh! whither will your Rage purſue us?
Muſt all the Fortunes and the Lives of *Rome*
Suffer for one Miſcarriage of her Maſters?
Your ſorrowful afflicted Mother *Rome*,
In whoſe kind Boſom you were nurs'd and bred,
Stretches her trembling Arms t'implore your Pity.
Fold up your dreadful Enſigns, and lay by
Your warlike Terrors, that affright her Matrons,
And come to her ere Sorrows quite o'erwhelm her.
But come like Sons that bring their Parents Joy:
Enter her Gates with Dove-like Peace before ye,

And let no bloody Slaughter ſtain her Streets.

Cinn. Thus 'tis you think to heal up ſmarting Honour,
By pouring flatt'ring Balm into the Wound,
Which for a time may make it whole and fair:
Till the falſe Medicine be at laſt diſcover'd,
And then it rankles to a Sore again.
Take this my Anſwer: I will enter *Rome*;
But for my Force, I'll keep it ſtill my own,
Nor part with Pow'r to give it to my Foes.

Mar. ſen. Sulpitius, ſee, what abject Slaves are theſe?
Such baſe Deformities a long Robe hides.

Sulpit. I cannot but laugh to think on't.

Mar. ſen. What?

Sulp. How theſe politick Noddles, that look ſo grave upon the matter in the Senate-houſe, will laugh and grin at one another, when they are ſet a ſunning upon the Capitol.

2 *Emb.* May we return with Joy into our City,
Proclaiming Peace, agreed with Heav'n and you?

Cinn. Go, tell 'em we expect due Homage paid,
Of every Senator expect Acknowledgment,
Mighty Rewards, and Offices of Honour;

1 *Emb.* But on that Brow there ſtill appears a Cloud,
That never roſe without a following Storm.

Mar. ſen. Alas! for me, a ſimple Baniſh'd Man,
Driv'n from my Country by the right of Law,
And juſtly puniſh'd as my Ills deſerv'd,
Think not of me: whate'er are his Reſolves,
I ſhall obey.

Both Emb. May all the Gods reward you.——

[*Ex. Embaſſ. and Attendants.*

Cinn. Now *Marius*.

Mar. ſen. Now, my *Cinna*.

Cinn. Are not we,
True born of *Rome*, true Sons of ſuch a Mother?
How I adore thy Temper?

Mar. ſen. Thoſe two Knaves,
Thoſe whining, fawning, humble, plaint Villains,
Would cut thy Throat or mine for half a *Drachma*.

Cinn. Let's not delay a moment.

Mar. ſen. Oh! let's fly,
Enter this curſed City; nay, with Smiles too,
But falſe as the adulterate Promiſes
Of Favourites in pow'r, when poor Men court 'em.

Cinn. They always hated me, becauſe a Soldier.

Mar. ſen. Baſe Natures ever grudge at things above 'em,
And hate a Pow'r they are too much oblig'd to.

When

When Fears are on them, then their kindeſt Wiſhes
And beſt Rewards attend the gallant Warriour:
But Dangers vaniſht, infamous Neglect,
Ill-Uſage and Reproach are all his Portion;
Or at the beſt he's wedded to hard Wants,
Robb'd of that little Hire he toil'd and bled for.

Sulpit. I'd rather turn a bold true-hearted Rogue,
Live upon Prey, end hang for't with my Fellows,
Than, when my Honour and my Country's Cauſe
Call'd me to Dangers, be ſo baſely branded.

Mar. ſen. Ere we this City enter then, let's ſwear
Not to deſtroy one honeſt *Roman* living.

Sulpit. Nor one chaſt Matron.

Cinn. Nor a faithful Friend,
Nor true-born Heir, nor Senator that's wiſe.

Mar. ſen. But Knaves and Villains, Whores, and baſe-born Brats,
And th'endleſs ſwarms of Fools grown up in Years,
Be Slaughter's Game, till we diſ-people *Rome.*

Cinn. Draw out our Guards, and let the Trumpets ſound.

Mar. ſen. Till all things tell 'em *Marius* is at hand.
O *Sylla*, if at *Capua* thou ſhalt hear
How Fortune deals with me, fall on thy Knees,
And make the Gods thy Friends to keep thee from me.
Sulpitius, as along the Streets we move
With ſolemn pace and meditating Miſchiefs,
Whome'er I ſmile on let thy Sword go through.
Oh! Can the Matrons and the Virgins Cries,
The Screams of dying Infants, and the Groans
Of murther'd Men be Muſick to appeaſe me?
Sure Death's not far from ſuch a deſp'rate Cure.
Be't with me rather (Gods) as Storms let looſe,
That rive the Trunks of talleſt Cedars down,
And tear from Tops the loaded pregnant Vine,
And kill the tender Flow'rs but yet half blown.
For having no more Fury left in ſtore,
Heav'ns face grows clear, the Storm is heard no more,
And Nature ſmiles as gaily as before.—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE Metellus's *Houſe.*

Enter Metellus.

Metell. A Peace with *Marius*! O moſt baſe Submiſſion!
That over-ruling Fears ſhould weigh up Reaſon?
Was not the City ours, and *Sylla* too
At *Capua*, almoſt in a Trumpet's call?

And

And to ſubmit! Could I but once have fought for't,
I might have met this *Marius* in Arms,
And been reveng'd for all the Miſchiefs done me.
Nurſe.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Here, an't ſhall pleaſe you.

Metell. Go wake *Lavinia*. Tell her, ſhe muſt hence
For *Capua* this Morning; for the Truce
Favours her Journey, and ſecures her Paſſage. [*Exit.*

Scene draws, and diſcovers Lavinia *on a Couch.*

Nurſe. Wake her? Poor Titmouſe! it will be as peeviſh,
I'll warrant you, and rub its Nye's, and ſo frown now.
Well: Miſtreſs! why, *Lavinia!* faſt, I warrant her.
Why, Lamb! why, Lady! Fie, you Slug-a-bed.
What, not a word? You take your penny-worth now,!
Sleep for a Week; for the next Night (my Word fout)
Sylla takes care that you ſhall reſt but little.
Gods forgive me.——
Marry and Amen. How found is ſhe aſleep?
I muſt needs wake her. Madam! Madam! Madam!
Now ſhould your Lover find you in this Poſture,
He'd fright you up i'faith? What? wont it do?
Dreſt too? and in your Cloaths? and down agen?
Nay, I muſt wake you. Lady! Lady! Lady!
Alas! alas! help, help, my Lady's dead.
Ah! welladay that ever I was born!
Some *Aqua-vitæ*. Hoa! my Lord——my Lady——

Enter Metellus.

Metell. Lavinia dead?

Nurſe. Your only Daughter's dead:
As dead as a Herring, Stock-fiſh, or Door-nail.

Metell. Stiff, cold, and pale: Where are thy Beauties now?
Thy Bluſhes that have warm'd ſo many Hearts?
All Hearts that ever felt her conq'ring Beauty,
Sigh till ye break; and all ye Eyes that languiſht
In my *Lavinia*'s Brightneſs, weep with me,
Till Grief grow general, and the World's in Tears.

Nurſe. Oh Day! oh Day! oh Day! ah hateful Day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a Day as this.
Oh Day! oh woful Day! oh Day like Night!

Metell. No more: Thus in her Bridal Ornaments
Dreſt as ſhe is ſhe ſhall be born to Burial,
I'th' Sepulchre where our Forefathers reſt.
Be't done, whilſt all things we ordain'd for Joy

Turn

Turn from their Office, and assist in Sadness. [*Exit.*

Nurse. It shall be done and done and overdone, as we are undone. And I will sigh, and cry till I am swell'd as big as a Pumkin. Nay, my poor Baby, I'll take care thou shalt not die for nothing; for I will wash thee with my Tears, perfume thee with my Sighs, and stick a Flower in every part about thee——

[*Ex. Nurse.*

SCENE *changes to the* Forum, *where is placed the Consul's Tribunal.*

Enter two Citizens.

1 *Cit.* WHither, oh! whither shall we fly for Safety?
Already reeking Murther's in our Streets,
Matrons with Infants in their Arms are butcher'd,
And *Rome* appears one noisome House of slaughter.

2 *Cit.* Hear us, ye Gods, and pity our Calamities.
Stop, stop the Fury of this cruel Tyrant;
Or send your Thunder forth to strike us dead,
Ere our own Slaves are Masters of our Throats.

1 *Cit.* Ruine draws near us: Oh my Friend! let's fly
To the Altars of our Gods, and by the hands
Of one another die as *Romans* ought. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ancharius *the Senator and his Grandson.*

Child. Hide me, my Grandsire; the ugly Men are coming
That kill'd my Mother and my Sister *Thebe.*
Will they kill you and me too?

Anch. Oh my Child!
I cannot hide thee, nor know what to do.
Decrepit Age benumbs my weary Limbs:
I cannot resist, nor flee.

Child. Then here we'll sit;
Perhaps they'll not come yet; or if they do,
I'll fall upon my Knees and beg your Life.
I am a very little harmless Boy;
And when I cry, and talk, and hang about 'em,
They'll pity sure my Tears, and grant me all.

Enter several Old Men in black with Cypress Wreaths, leading Virgins in white with Myrtle, who kneel before the Tribunal.

Then enters Marius *senior as Consul, Lictors,* Sulpitius, *and Guards.*

Mar. sen. I thank ye, Gods, ye have restor'd me now.
[*Mounts the Tribunal.*

What

What Pageantry is this, *Sulpitius*, here?
Remove these Slaves, and bear 'em to their Fates.

1 *Old Man.* We come not for our selves, but in the Name
Of *Rome*, to offer up our Lives for all,
Pity a wretched State, thou raging God,
And let loose all thy dreadful Fury here.

Mar. sen. I know ye all, great Senators; ye are
The Heads and Patrons of Rebellious *Rome*.
Ye can be humble when Affliction galls ye:
And with that Cheat at any time ye think
To charm a generous Mind, though ye have wrong'd it.
False are your Safeties when indulg'd by Pow'r:
For soon ye fatten and grow able Traytors.
False are your Fears, and your Afflictions falser:
For they cheat you, and make you hope for Mercy,
Which you shall never gain at *Marius*'s hands.
Who trusts your Penitence is more than Fool.
Rebellion will renew; ye can't be honest.
Y'are never pleas'd but with the Knaves that cheat you,
And work your Follies to their private ends.
For your Religion, like your Cloaths you wear it,
To change and turn just as the Fashion alters.
And think you by this solemn piece of Fooling
To hush my Rage, and melt me into pity?
Advance, *Sulpitius*; old *Ancharius* there,
Who was so violent for my Destruction,
That his Beard bristled as his Face distorted;
Away with him. Dispatch these Triflers too.
Bue spare the Virgins, 'cause mine Eyes have seen 'em:
Or keep 'em for my Warriours to rejoice in.

Anch. Thou who wert born to be the Plague to *Rome*,
What would'st thou do with me?

Mar. sen. Dispose thee hence
Amongst the other Offal, for the jaws
Of hungry Death, till *Rome* be purg'd of Villains.
Thou dy'st for wronging *Marius*.——

Child. Oh my Lord!
(For you must be a Lord, you are so angry)
For my sake spare his Life, I have no Friend
But him to guard my tender Years from Wrongs.
When he is dead, what will become of me,
A poor and helpless Orphan, naked left
To all the Ills of the wide faithless World?

Mar. sen. Take hence this Brat too, mount it on a Spear,
And let it sprawl to make the Grandsire sport.

Child. O cruel Man! I'll hang upon your Knees,

And

And with my little dying Hands implore you,
I may be fit to do you ſome ſmall pleaſures.
I'll find a thouſand tender ways to pleaſe you;
Smile when you rage, and ſtroak you into mildneſs;
Play with your manly Neck, and call you Father:
For mine (alas!) the Gods have taken from me.

Mar. ſen. Young Crocodile! Thus from their Mother's Breaſts
Are they inſtructed, bred and taught in *Rome*.
For that old Paralytick Slave, diſpatch him:
Let me not know he breaths another moment.
But ſpare this, 'cauſe't has learn'd its Leſſon well,
And I've a Softneſs in my Heart pleads for him.

Enter Meſſenger.

Well now.

Meſſ. Metellus.

Mar. ſen. Hah! *Metellus*? what?

Meſſ. Is found.

Mar. ſen. Speak, where?

Meſſ. In an old Suburb-Cottage,
Upbraiding Heav'n, and curſing at your Fortune.

Mar. ſen. Haſte, let him be preſerv'd for my own Fury.
Clap, clap your Hands for Joy, ye Friends of *Marius*,
Ten thouſand Talents for the News I'll give thee:
The Core and bottom of my Torment's found;
And in a moment I ſhall be at eaſe.
Rome's Walls no more ſhall be beſmear'd with Blood,
But Peace and Gladneſs flouriſh in her Streets.
Let's go. *Metellus?* we have found *Metellus*.
Let every Tongue proclaim aloud *Metellus*;
Till I have daſh'd him on the Rock of Fate,
Then be his Name forgot, and heard no more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *A Church-Yard.*

Enter Marius junior.

Mar. jun. AS I have wander'd muſing to and fro,
Still am I brought to this unlucky place,
As I had buſineſs with the horrid Dead:
Though could I truſt the flattery of Sleep,
My Dreams preſage ſome joyful News at hand.
My Boſom's Lord ſits lightly on his Throne,
And all this day an unaccuſtom'd Spirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thought.

I dream'd *Lavinia* came and found me dead,
And breath'd such Life and Kisses on my Lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.

Enter Catulus.

Catul. My Lord already here?
Mar. jun. My trusty *Catulus*,
What News from my *Lavinia?* speak, and bless me.
Catul. She's very well.——
Mar. jun. Then nothing can be ill.
Something thou seem'st to know that's terrible.
Out with it boldly, Man, What canst thou say
Of my *Lavinia?*
Catul. But one sad word, She's dead.
Here in her Kindreds Vault I've seen her laid,
And have been searching you to tell the News.
Mar. jun. Dead? is it so? then I deny you, Stars.
Go, hasten quickly, get me Ink and Paper.
'Tis done: I'll hence to night.
Hast thou no Letters to me from the Priest?
Catul. No, my good Lord.
Mar. jun. No matter, get thee gone—— [*Exit.* Catulus.
Lavinia! yet I'll lie with thee to Night;
But, for the means. Oh Mischief! thou art swift
To catch the straggling Thoughts of desp'rate Men.
I do remember an Apothecary,
That dwelt about this Rendezvouz of Death:
Meagre and very rueful were his Looks;
Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones;
And in his needy Shop a Tortise hung,
An Allegator stuff'd and other Skins
Of ill-shap'd Fishes: and about his Shelves
A beggarly account of empty Boxes,
Green earthen Pots, Bladders, and musty Seeds,
Remnants of Pack-thread, and old Cakes of Roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a Show,
Oh for a Poyson now! his Need will sell it,
Though it be present Death by *Roman* Law.
As I remember this should be the House.
His Shop is shut: with Beggars all are Holy-days.
Holla? Apothecary; hoa!

Enter Apothecary.

Apoth. Who's there?
Mar. jun. Come hither, Man.
I see thou'rt very poor;

Thou

Thou may'ſt do any thing: here's fifty *Drachma's*.
Get me a Draught of that will ſooneſt free
A Wretch from all his Cares: thou underſtand'ſt me.
Apoth. Such mortal Drugs I have, but *Roman* Law
Speaks Death to any he that utters 'em.
Mar. jun. Art thou ſo baſe and full of Wretchedneſs,
Yet fear'ſt to die? Famine is in thy Cheeks,
Need and Oppreſſion ſtareth in thy Eyes,
Contempt and Beggary hang on thy Back;
The World is not thy Friend, nor the World's Law;
The World affords no Law to make thee rich:
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Apoth. My Poverty, but not my Will conſents——
[*Goes in, fetches a Viol of Poyſon.*
Take this and drink it off, the Work is done.
Mar. jun. There is thy Gold, worſe Poyſon to Mens Souls,
Doing more Murthers in this loathſome World
Than theſe poor Compounds thou'rt forbid to ſell.
I ſell thee Poyſon, thou haſt ſold me none.
Farewel——buy Food——and get thy ſelf in fleſh.
Now for the Monument of the *Metelli*—— [*Exit.*

Scene draws off, and ſhews the Temple and Monument.

Re-enters.

It ſhould be here: The door is open too.
Th' inſatiate mouth of Fate gapes wide for more.

Enter Prieſt, and Boy with a Mattock and Iron Crow.

Prieſt. Give me the Mattock and the wrenching Iron:
Now take this Letter, with what haſte thou canſt
Find out young *Marius*, and deliver it. [*Exit Boy.*
Now muſt I to the Monument alone.
What Wretch is he that's entring into th' Tomb?
Some Villain come to rob and ſpoil the Dead.
Whoe'er thou art, ſtop thy unhallowed purpoſe.
Mar. jun. Whoe'er thou art, I warn thee to be gone,
And do not interrupt my horrid purpoſe.
For elſe, by Heav'n I'll tear thee joynt by joynt,
And ſtrew this hungry Church-yard with thy Limbs.
My Mind, and its intents are ſavage wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty Tygers or the roaring Sea.
Prieſt. Then as a ſacrilegious Slave I charge thee,
Obey and go with me, or thou muſt die.

Mar. jun. I know I muſt, and therefore I came hither.
Good Reverence, do not tempt a deſp'rate Man.
By Heav'n, I love thee better than my ſelf:
For I againſt my ſelf come hither arm'd.
Stay not, be gone——Live, and hereafter ſay,
A Mad-Man's Mercy gave thee honeſt Counſel.
Prieſt. I do defie thy Mercy and thy Counſel,
And here will ſeize thee as a Thief and Robber.
Mar. jun. Wilt thou provoke me? Then here, take thy wages.
[*Kills him.*
Prieſt. I'm kill'd. Oh *Marius!* now too late I know thee.
Thou'ſt ſlain the only Man could do thee good.
Lavinia——Oh!—— [*Dies.*
Mar. jun. Let me peruſe this Face.
It is the honeſt Prieſt that joyn'd our Hands,
In a Diſguiſe conceal'd. Give me thy Hand,
Since in ill Fate's black Role with me thou'rt writ,
I'll bury thee in a triumphant Grave.
Thou deteſtable Maw, thou Womb of Death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt Morſel of the Earth,
Thus will I force thy rotten Jaws to open, } *Pulls down the*
And ſpite of thee yet cram thee with more Food. } *ſide of the Tomb.*
Oh gorgeous Palace! oh my Love! my Wife!
Death has had yet no pow'r upon thy Beauty;
That is not conquer'd. Beauty's Enſign yet
Is Crimſon in thy Lips and in thy Cheeks;
And the pale Flag is not advanc'd yet there
Why art thou ſtill ſo fair? Shall I believe
That the lean Monſter Death is amorous,
And keeps thee here in Darkneſs for his Paramour?
For fear of that, I'll ſtay with thee for ever.
Come bitter Conduct, thou unſavory Guide:
Here's to my Love—— [*Drinks the Poyſon.*
And now Eyes look your laſt
Arms take your laſt Embrace, whilſt on theſe Lips
I fix the Seal of an eternal Contract———
She breaths and ſtirs. [Lavinia *wakes.*
Lavin. in the Tomb, Where am I? Bleſs me, Heav'n!
'Tis very cold; and yet here's ſomething warm——
Mar. jun. She lives, and we ſhall both be made Immortal.
Speak, my *Lavinia*, ſpeak ſome heavenly News.
And tell me how the Gods deſign to treat us.
Lavin. Oh! I have ſlept a long Ten thouſand Years.
What have they done with me? I'll not be us'd thus;
I'll not wed *Sylla*. *Marius* is my Husband.
Is he not, Sir? Methinks you're very like him.

Be

Be good as he is, and protect me.

Mar. jun. Hah!

Wilt thou not own me? am I then but like him?
Much, much indeed I'm chang'd from what I was;
And ne'er shall be my self, if thou art lost.

Lavin. The God's have heard my Vows, it is my *Marius.*
Once more they have restor'd him to my Eyes.
Hadst thou not come, sure I had slept for ever.
But there's a Sovereign Charm in thy Embraces,
That might do Wonders, and revive the Dead.

Mar. jun. Ill Fate no more, *Lavinia*, now shall part us,
Nor cruel Parents, nor oppressing Laws.
Did not Heav'n's Power's all wonder at our Loves?
And when thou told'st the tale of thy Disasters,
Was there not sadness and a Gloom amongst 'em?
I know there was; and they in pity sent thee,
Thus to redeem me from this Vale of Torments,
And bear me with thee to those Hills of Joys.
This World's gross Air grows burthensome already,
I'm all a God; such heav'nly Joys transport me,
That mortal Sense grows sick and faints with lasting. [*Dies.*

Lavin. Oh! to recount my Happiness to thee,
To open all the Treasure of my Soul,
And shew thee how 'tis fill'd, would waste more time
Than so impatient Love as mine can spare.
He's gone; he's dead; breathless: alas! my *Marius*,
A Vial too; here, here has been his bane.
O Churl! drink all? not leave one friendly Drop
For poor *Lavinia?* Yet I'll drain thy Lips.
Perhaps some welcome Poyson may hang there,
To help me to o'ertake thee on thy Journey.
Clammy and damp as Earth. Hah! stains of Blood?
And a Man murther'd? 'Tis th' unhappy *Flamen.*
Who fix their Joys on any thing that's Mortal,
Let 'em behold my Portion, and despair.
What shall I do? how will the Gods dispose me?
Oh! I could rend these Walls with Lamentation,
Tear up the Dead from their corrupted Graves,
And dawb the face of Earth with her own Bowels.

Enter Marius *senior, and Guard, driving in* Metellus.

Mar. sen. Pursue the Slave; let not his Gods protect him.

Lavin. More Mischiefs? hah! My Father.

Metell. Oh! I am slain. [*falls down and dies.*

Lavin. And murther'd too. When will my Woes have end?
Come, cruel Tyrant,

Mar.

Mar. sen. Sure I have known that Face.
Lavin. And canst thou think of any one good Turn
That I have done thee, and not kill me for't?
Mar. sen. Art thou not call'd *Lavinia*?
Lavin. Once I was:
But by my Woes may now be better known.
Mar. sen. I cannot see thy Face.
Lavin. You must, and hear me.
By this, you must: nay, I will hold you fast. [*Seizes his Sword.*
Mar. sen. What would'st thou say? where's all thy Rage gone now?
Lavin. I am *Lavinia*, born of Noble Race.
My blooming Beauty conquer'd many Hearts,
But prov'd the greatest Torment of my own:
Though my Vows prosper'd, and my Love was answer'd
By *Marius*, the noblest, goodliest Youth
That Man e'er envy'd at, or Virgin sigh'd for.
He was the Son of an unhappy Parent,
And banish'd with him when our Joys were young;
Scarce a Night old.
Mar. sen. I do remember't well,
And thou art She, that Wonder of thy kind,
That could'st be true to exil'd Misery,
And to and fro through barren Deserts range,
To find th'unhappy Wretch thy Soul was fond of.
Lavin. Do you remember't well?
Mar. sen. In every point.
Lavin. You then were gentle, took me in your Arms,
Embrac'd me, blest me, us'd me like a Father.
And sure I was not thankless for the Bounty.
Mar. sen. No, thou wer't, next the Gods, my only Comfort.
When I lay fainting on the dry parcht Earth,
Beneath the scorching heat of burning Noon,
Hungry and dry, no Food nor Friend to chear me:
Then Thou, as by the Gods some Angel sent,
Cam'st by, and in Compassion didst relieve me.
Lavin. Did I all this?
Mar. sen. Thou didst, and sav'dst my Life,
Else I had sunk beneath the weight of Want,
And bin a Prey to my remorseless Foes.
Lavin. And see how well I am at last rewarded.
All could not balance for the short term'd Life
Of one Old Man: You have my Father butcher'd,
The only Comfort I had left on Earth.
The Gods have taken too my Husband from me.
See where he lies, your and my only Joy.
This Sword yet reeking with my Father's Gore,

Plunge

Plunge it into my Breast: plunge, plunge it thus.
And now let Rage, Distraction and Despair
Seize all Mankind, till they grow mad as I am.
[*Stabs her self with his Sword.*

Mar. sen. Nay, now thou hast outdone me much in Cruelty.
By Nature's Light extinguish'd; let the Sun
Withdraw his Beams, and put the World in Darkness,
Whilst here I howl away my Life in Sorrows.
Oh! let me bury Me and all my Sins
Here with this good Old Man. Thus let me kiss
Thy pale sunk Cheeks, embalm thee with my Tears.
My Son, how cam'st thou by this wretched End?
We might have all bin Friends, and in one House
Enjoy'd the Blessings of Eternal Peace.
But oh! my cruel Nature has undone me.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, I bring you most disastrous News.
Sylla's return'd: his Army's on their march
From *Capua*, and to morrow will reach *Rome*.
At which the Rabble are in new Rebellion,
And your *Sulpitius* mortally is wounded.

Enter Sulpitius (*led in by two of the Guards*) *and* Granius.

Mar. sen. Oh! then I'm ruin'd from this very moment.
Has my good Genius left me? Hope forsakes me.
The Name of *Sylla*'s baneful to my Fortune.
Be warn'd by me, ye Great ones, how y'embroil
Your Country's Peace, and dip your Hands in Slaughter.
Ambition is a Lust that's never quencht,
Grows more inflam'd and madder by Enjoyment.
Bear me away, and lay me on my Bed,
A hopeless Vessel bound for the dark Land
Of loathsome Death, and loaded deep with Sorrows. [*He is led off.*

Sulpit. A Curse on all Repentance! how I hate it!
I'd rather hear a Dog howl than a Man whine.

Gran. You're wounded, Sir: I hope it is not much.

Sulp. No; 'tis not so deep as a Well, nor so wide as a Church-door; But 'tis enough; 'twill serve; I am pepper'd I warrant, I warrant for this World. A Pox on all Mad-men hereafter. If I get a Monument, let this be my Epitaph:

Sulpitius *lies here, that troublesome Slave,*
That sent many honester Men to the Grave,
And dy'd like a Fool when h' had liv'd like a Knave. [*Ex. Omnes.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. *Barry*, who acted *Lavinia*.

A Miſchief on't! though I'm agen alive,
May I believe this Play of ours ſhall thrive?
This Drumming, Trumpeting, and Fighting Play:
Why, what a Devil will the People ſay?
The Nation that's without, and hears the Din,
Will ſwear w'are raiſing Volunteers agen.
For know, our Poet, when this Play was made,
Had nought but Drums and Trumpets in his head.
H'had baniſh'd Poetry and all her Charms,
And needs the Fool would be a Man at Arms.
No Prentice e'er grown weary of Indentures
Had ſuch a longing mind to ſeek Adventures.
Nay, ſure at laſt th'Infection general grew;
For t'other day I was a Captain too:
Neither for Flanders *nor for* France *to roam,*
But, juſt as you were all to ſtay at home.
And now for you who here come wrapt in Cloaks,
Only for love of Underhill *and Nurſe* Noakes;
Our Poet ſays, one day to a Play ye come,
Which ſerves ye half a Year for Wit at home.
But which amongſt you is there to be found,
Will take his third Days Pawn for Fifty Pound?
Or, now is he Caſhier'd, will fairly venture
To give him ready Money for's Debenture?
Therefore when he receiv'd, that Fatal Doom,
This Play came forth, in hopes his Friends would come
To help a poor Diſbanded Soldier home.

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